

# HAPPY NEW

10¢





[illegible]



# TURNABOUT

By

Miriam Benedict

NARFSTAR

**K**ANSAH the crab and Starry the starfish were playing on the beach one day, when Starry suggested, "Kansah, let's have a race."

"I'd like to," said Kansah, "but how can I race with you? You walk forward, and I walk backward."

"Why do you walk backward?" asked Starry.

"Crabs have always walked backward," replied Kansah. "But I would like to race with you, if you show me how to walk forward. Will you?"

"Certainly," agreed the starfish. "Watch me!" he said. He somersaulted on his five legs, and rolling like a hoop, went merrily down the beach.

"See how simple?" he encouraged, as he rolled back.

"I can't somersault like you," said Kansah mournfully. "My legs are put on differently."

"Oh, dear, that does make it harder," said Starry. And they both sat down on the beach and thought about it.

An eel came swimming up out of the ocean, and wriggled around in the surf.

"Hi!" he called out cheerily. "Why do you two look so sad?"

"I'd like to learn to walk forward," explained Kansah. "But my legs don't seem to be put on right for it. Do you think you could show me how?"

"Goodness," laughed the eel. "That should be simple. Watch me."

And he straightened his long body out, and shot forward through the waves like an arrow.

"See?" he said, returning. "Simple, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it *would* be," agreed Kansah, "if I had no legs at all. But I do have legs, and they go backward."

"What's the trouble, children?" asked a soupy voice behind them.

They were both so upset, they could hardly answer the turtle who had come up out of the ocean.

Kansah blubbered, "I want to walk forward, but no one seems to know how to teach me!"

"If only," said Starry tearfully, "she could learn to look where she's going! That might help some."

The turtle, who was about two hundred years old, and had had plenty of time to grow wise in, said thoughtfully, "We shall have to do something about this," and crawled back into the water.

A few minutes later, out she popped again, very upset.

"Dear me, dear me," she fussed. "I must have left my glasses down at the other end of the beach. Starry, would you mind getting them for me?"

"Not at all," said the obliging Starry. And rolling like a pinwheel, down he went to the other end of the beach.

"Dear me," the turtle kept on fussing. "I don't see how I could have been so careless. Why, Kansah, whatever is the matter?"

"Look!" screamed the crab, hopping up and down. "The eel just came out of the water and is trying to grab Starry! Oh, my goodness!"

"Don't stand there, child!" cried the turtle. "Do something!"

"I've gotta save Starry!" cried Kansah, and down the beach, lickety-split, she raced. "Let go of Starry!" she yelled, as she raced down the beach. "Let go of my friend, Starry!"

And just as the eel seemed to pull Starry into the water with him, Kansah dashed up and clattered her claws at him.

"Poor little Starry!" cried Kansah. "Why, Starry, whatever are you laughing at?"

"Didn't you notice?" giggled Starry.

"Yes, indeed," gurgled the turtle, who had waddled up behind them. "Didn't you notice?"

"Notice what?" asked Kansah.

"You ran FORWARD," they said together.

"Why, so I did!" cried Kansah. "I never noticed."

"I guess," giggled Starry, "you wanted to get here so fast you didn't stop to remember you're a crab, and supposed to go backwards."

"That's right," agreed Kansah. "I didn't want to take my eyes off you, and I wanted to get here in a hurry."

She turned to the turtle.

"You know," Kansah said, "I think you left your glasses here on purpose. And I don't think the eel really would have hurt Starry."

"Fancy that, now," gurgled the turtle. And she slithered back into the ocean.

And the last she saw, before she dived into the waves, was Starry and Kansah having a race down the beach—frontwards.

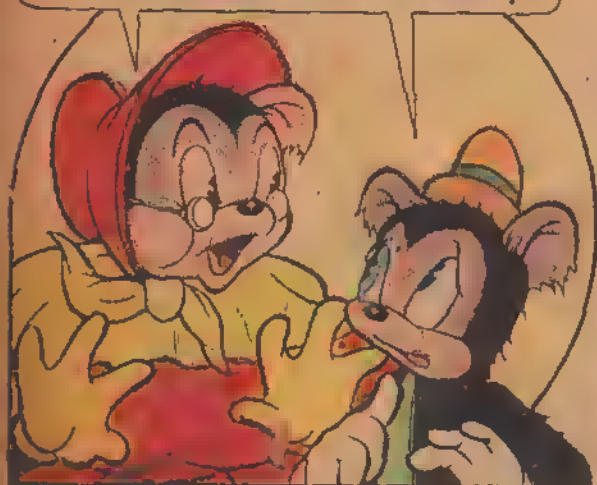
# Neddy

OH, BOY! A PARTY!  
ICE CREAM AND CAKE!

NEDDY BEAR AND  
SQUIRE SQUIRREL  
ARE HEREBY  
INVITED  
TO A PARTY IN  
THEIR  
HONOR.  
BY THE  
GRATEFUL  
INHABITANTS OF  
DWARF  
DELL....



BUT DWARF'S DELL! IS IT SAFE?



ABSOLUTELY SAFE!  
THERE'S NOTHING TO  
FEAR IN DWARF'S  
DELL SINCE NEDDY  
AND I FREED THE  
PEOPLE FROM THE  
WITCH...

WELL, BE A GOOD  
BOY AND REMEMBER  
YOUR MANNERS,  
NEDDY!



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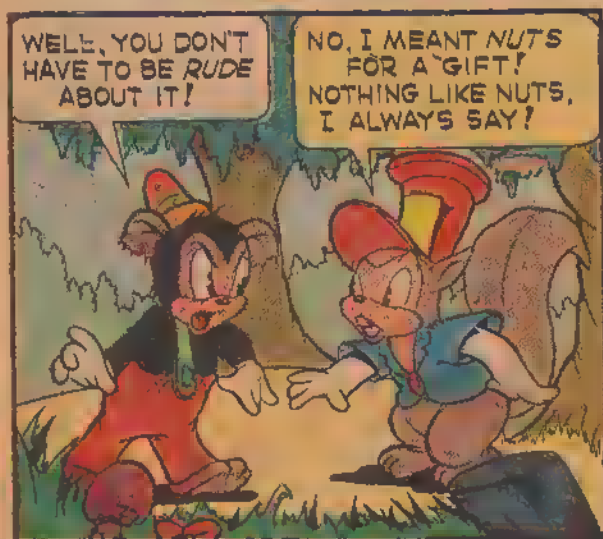
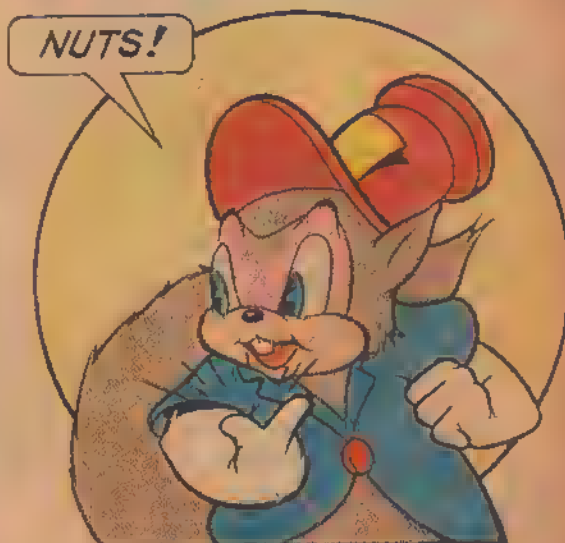
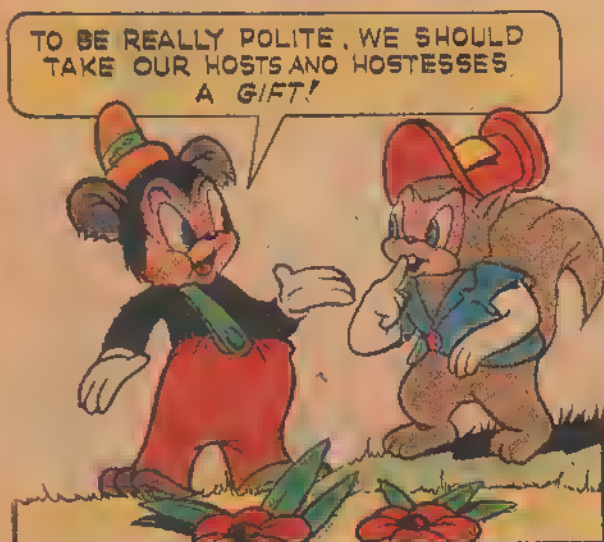
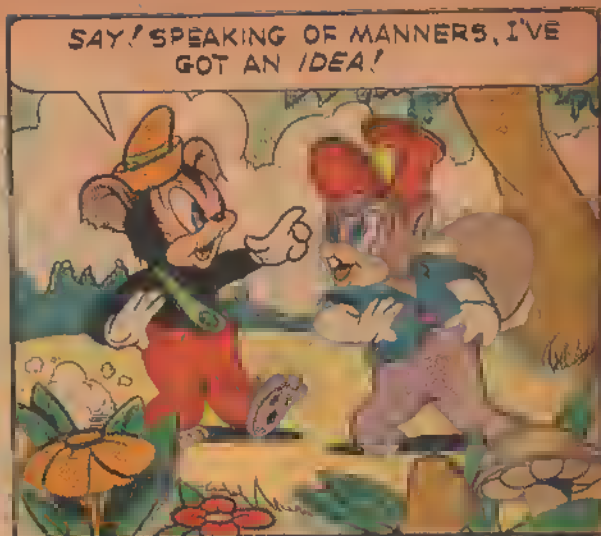
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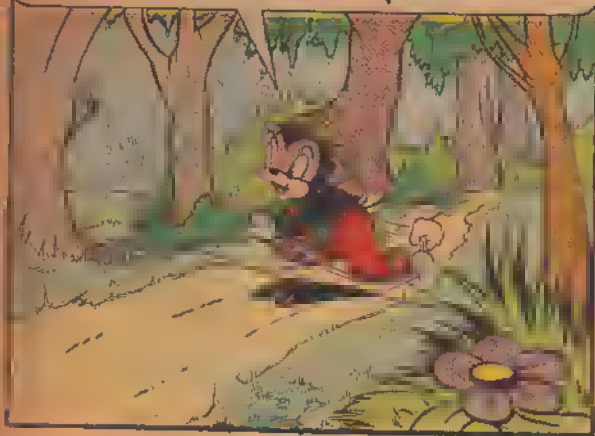
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FRISKY FABLES, Vol. 2, No. 4, July, 1946, published monthly by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co., Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright, 1946, by The Premium Service Co., Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year. Member of The Premium Group of Comics. Application for entry as Second-Class Matter at Philadelphia, Pa., is pending. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.



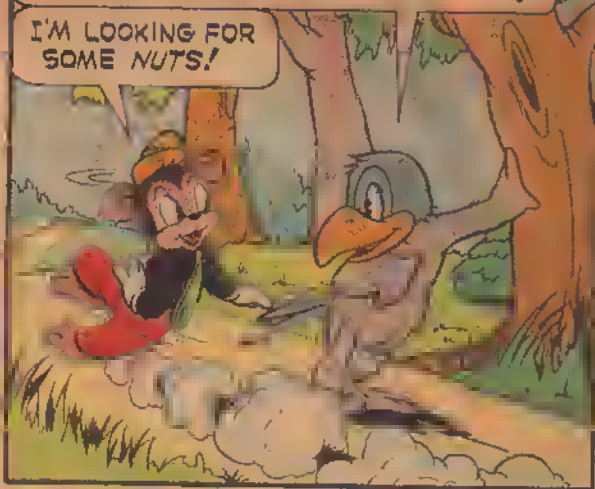


GEE, I'LL HAVE TO HURRY... I DON'T KNOW  
MUCH ABOUT NUTS... I WONDER WHERE  
I'LL FIND SOME?

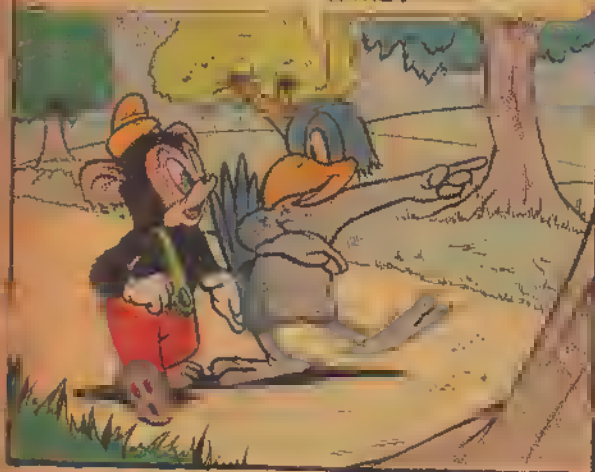


WHERE YOU GOING IN SUCH A HURRY?

I'M LOOKING FOR  
SOME NUTS!

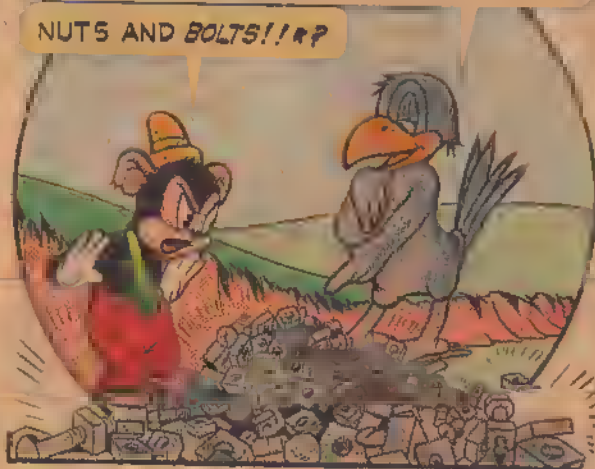


I HAVE A FINE COLLECTION OF NUTS!  
JUST COME WITH ME!



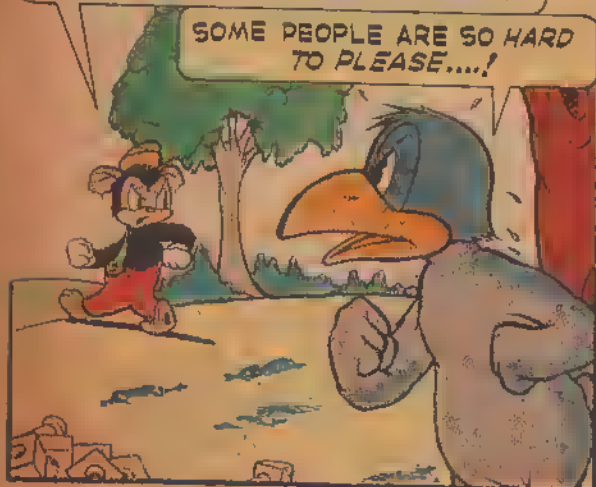
THERE! I LIKE 'EM BECAUSE THEY'RE  
SHINY!

NUTS AND BOLTS!!??



SOME PEOPLE ARE SO STUPID....!

SOME PEOPLE ARE SO HARD  
TO PLEASE....!



AH! THERE ARE SOME NUTS....



LIKE DETECTIVE THRILLERS? READ YOUNG KING COLE

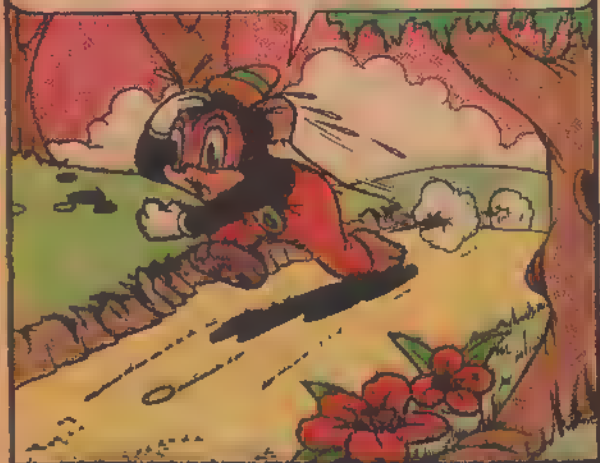
OH BOY! I WONDER WHAT KIND OF NUTS  
THESE ARE IN THIS CHEST?



CHEST-NUTS, OF COURSE... AND THEY  
BELONG TO ME...



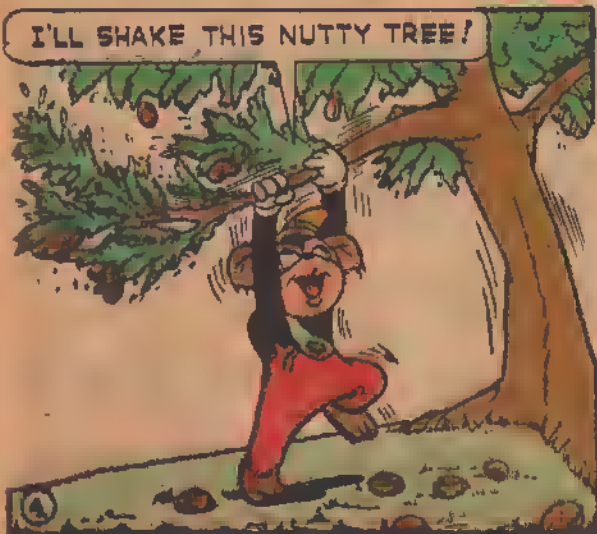
OH, WELL.... THEY PROBABLY WEREN'T  
ANY GOOD!



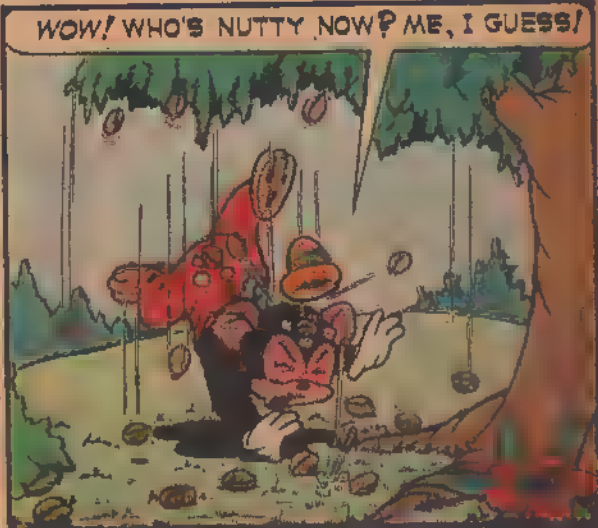
MORE NUTS! AND  
NOBODY HERE!

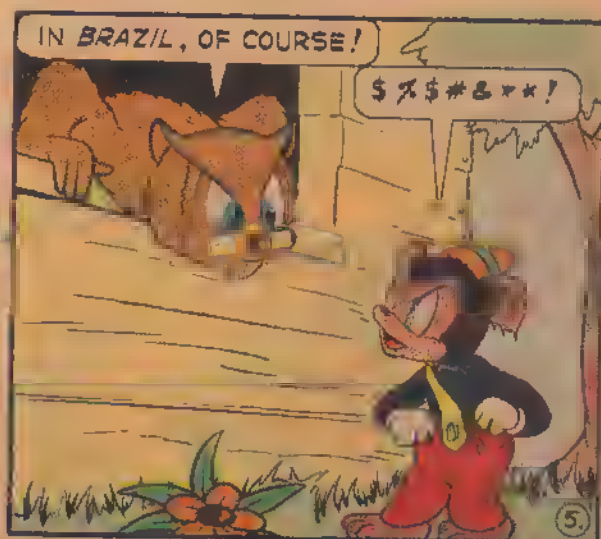
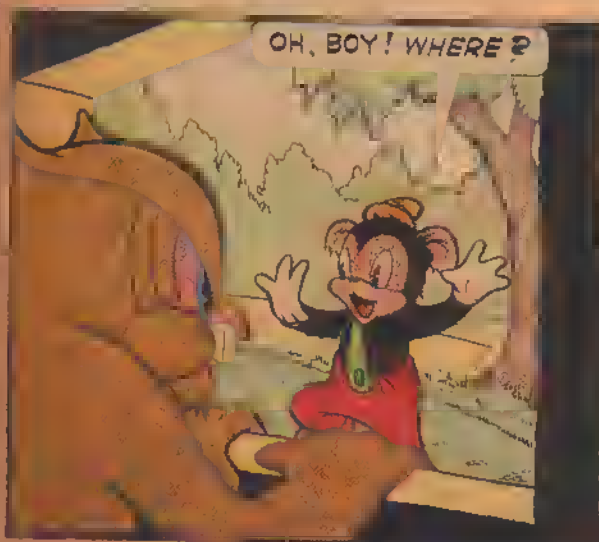
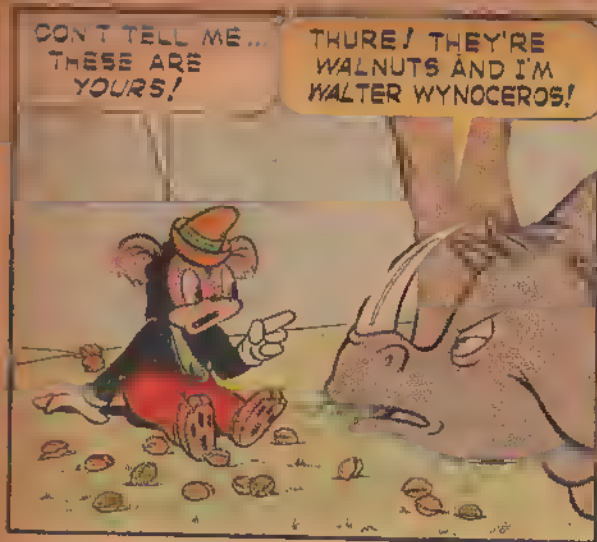


I'LL SHAKE THIS NUTTY TREE!



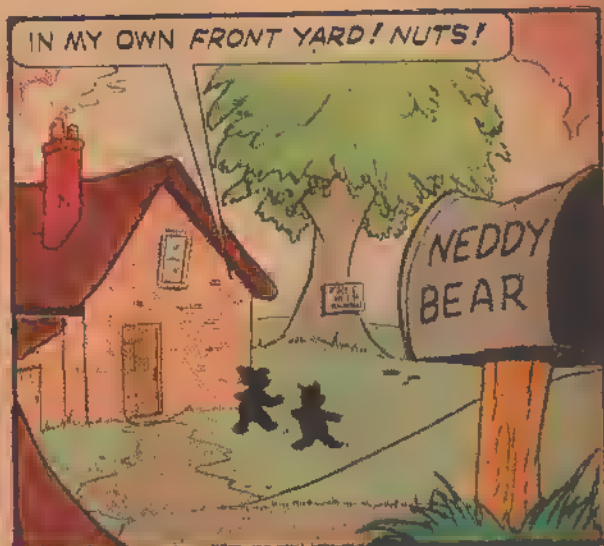
WOW! WHO'S NUTTY NOW? ME, I GUESS!



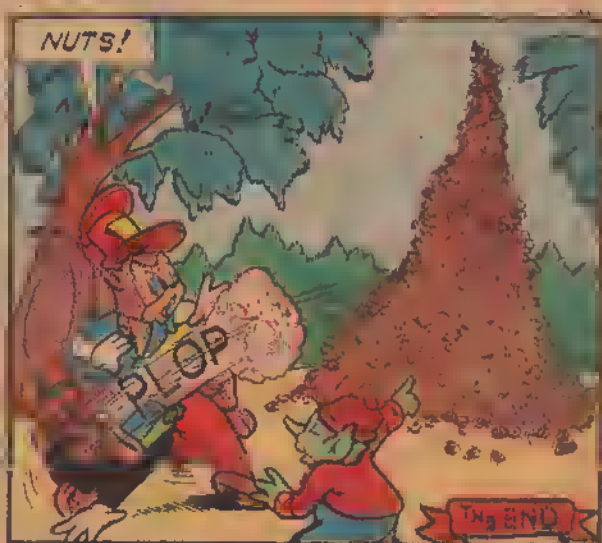
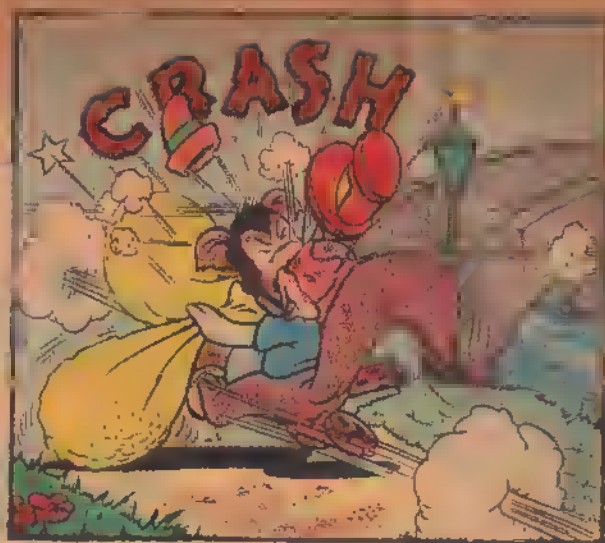


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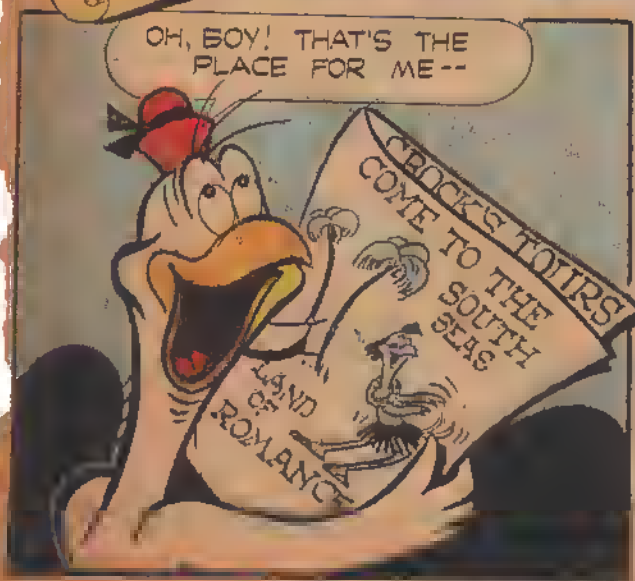
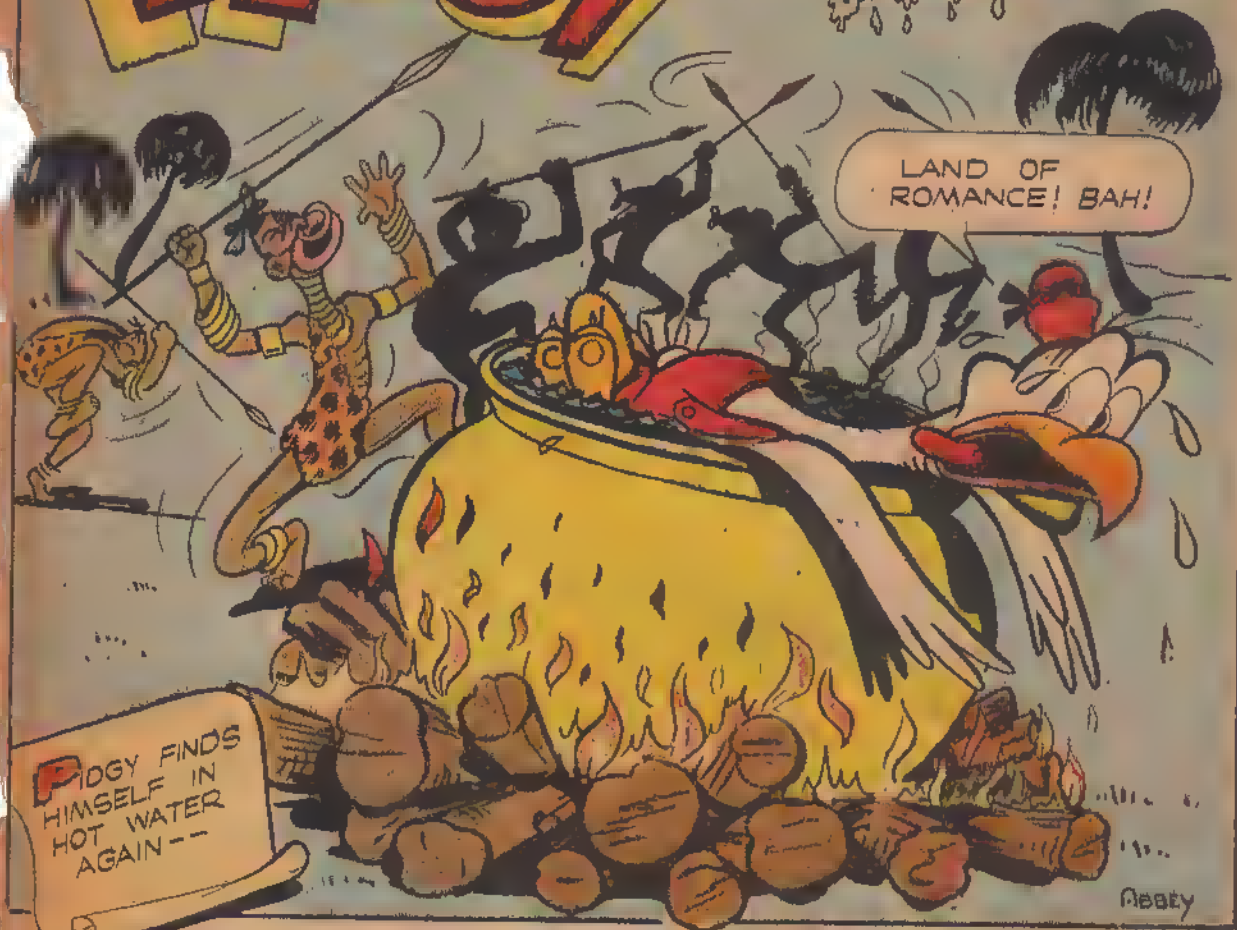
**ONLY 5 BAGS  
AND A NICKEL**

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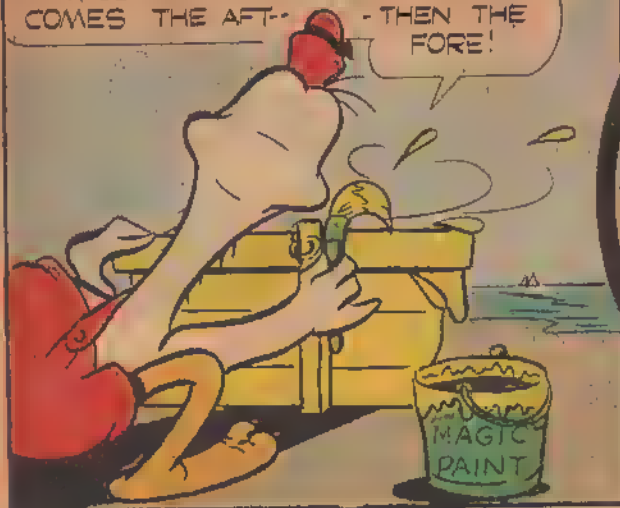
# PIDGY

AND THE  
MAGIC  
MAGIC

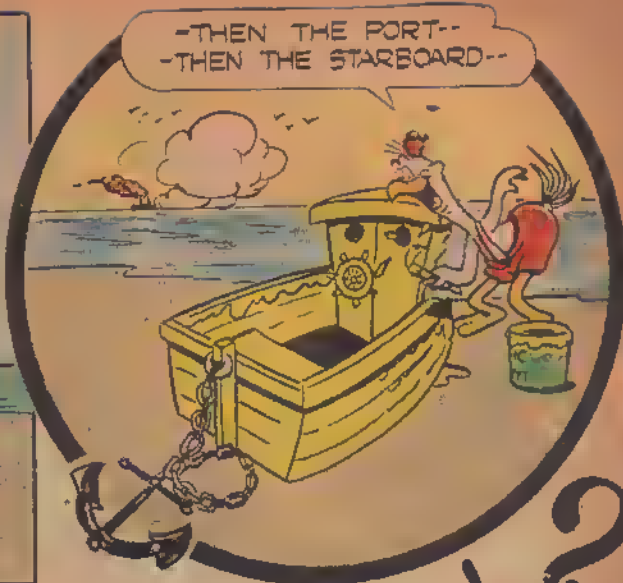




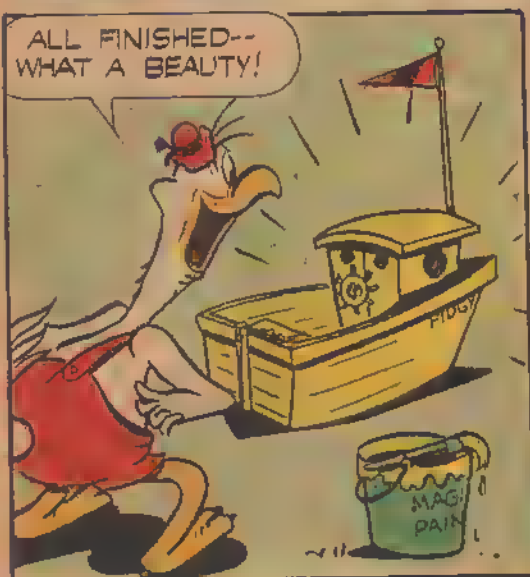
I DON'T KNOW HOW I'D GET ALONG WITHOUT MY MAGIC PAINT-- FIRST COMES THE AFT-- - THEN THE FORE!



-THEN THE PORT--  
-THEN THE STARBOARD--

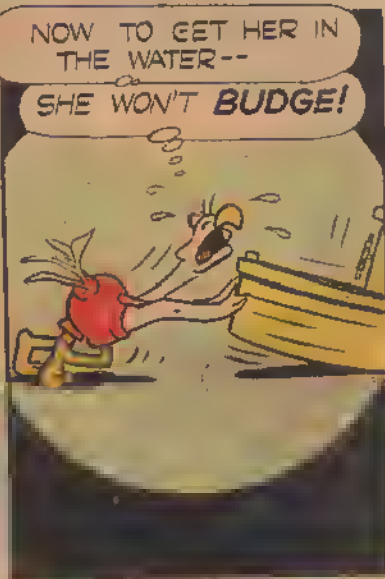


ALL FINISHED--  
WHAT A BEAUTY!



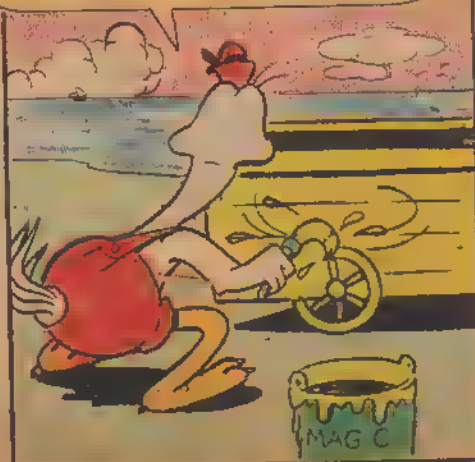
NOW TO GET HER IN THE WATER--

SHE WON'T **BUDGE!**



NOW WHAT'LL I DO?

HEH! HEH! THIS STUFF IS WONDERFUL-- I'LL JUST PAINT ON WHEELS--

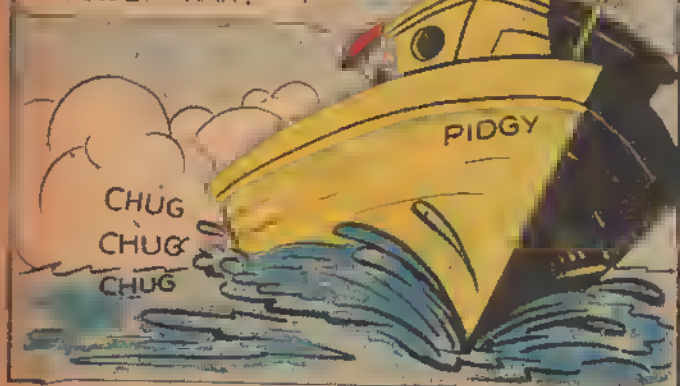


-NOW A LITTLE SHOVE-AND SHE'S LAUNCHED!

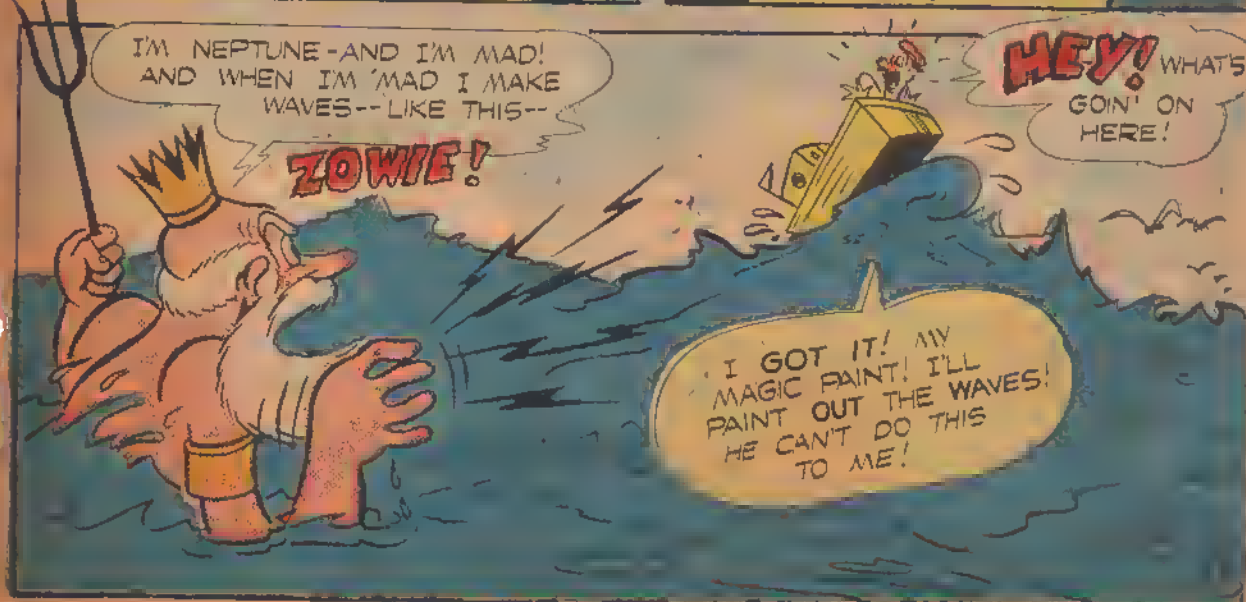
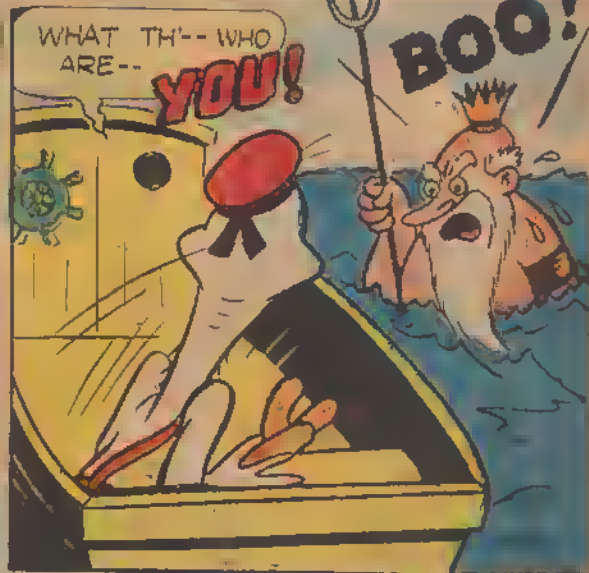


**LITTLE LATER--**

AT LAST I'M ON MY WAY  
TO THE SOUTH SEAS AND  
ROMANCE-- BOY, I CAN  
HARDLY WAIT!



JUST THINK--NOTHING TO DO BUT  
LIE ON THE BEACH WITH BEAUTIFUL  
DANCING GIRLS ALL AROUND ME (SIGH)!





**WHAT'S THIS??**

LOOK AT  
PIDGY!

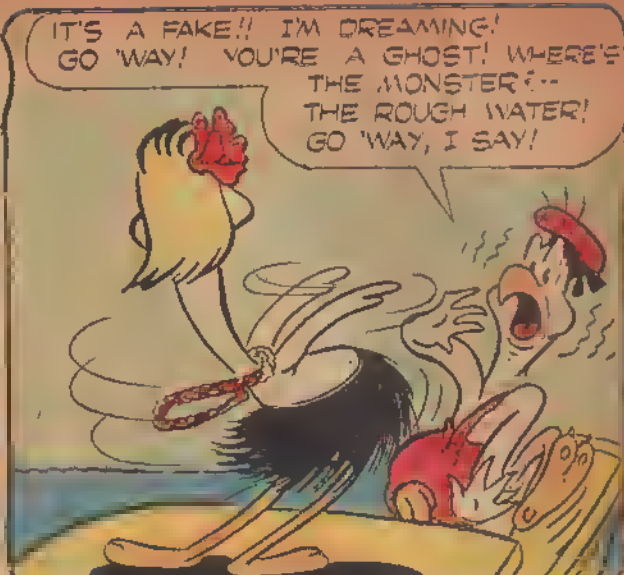
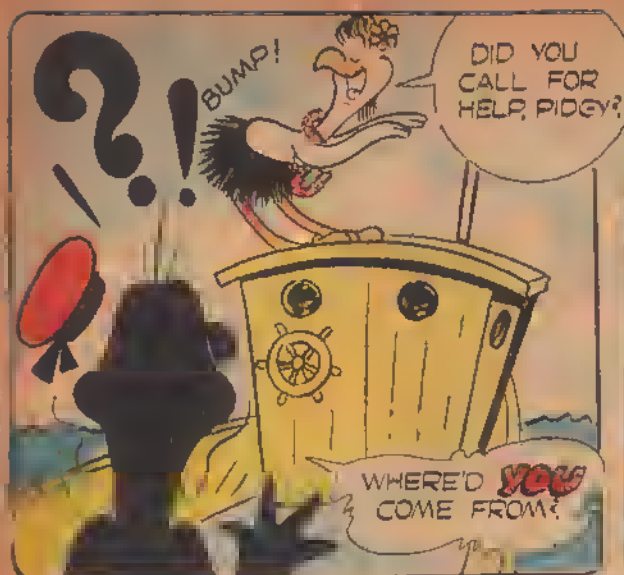
NOT YET, JUNIOR!  
I'LL TELL YOU  
WHEN!

OOPS! THAT'S  
HOW I GOT HERE--  
FELL OUT OF A BOAT!

AH - A  
TENDER  
MORSEL!

IT **CAN'T** BE!  
I MUST BE  
DREAMING!

I CAN'T FIND MY  
MAGIC PAINT!  
I'M A **GONER!**  
**HELP! SAVE  
ME!!**





AW, THOSE SOFT, TENDER  
CARESSES!!



**CANNIBALS!**



UGGY WUG!  
UGGY WUG!



IGGY  
IGGY!

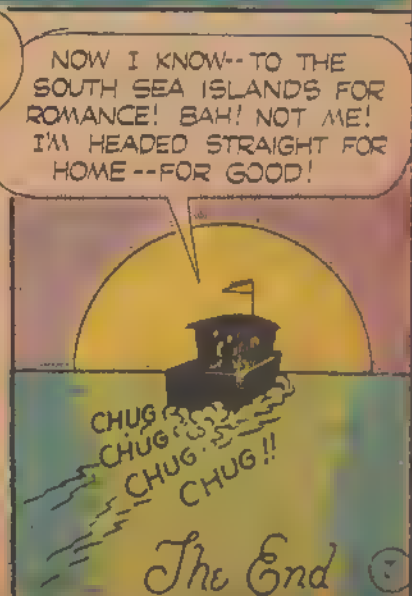
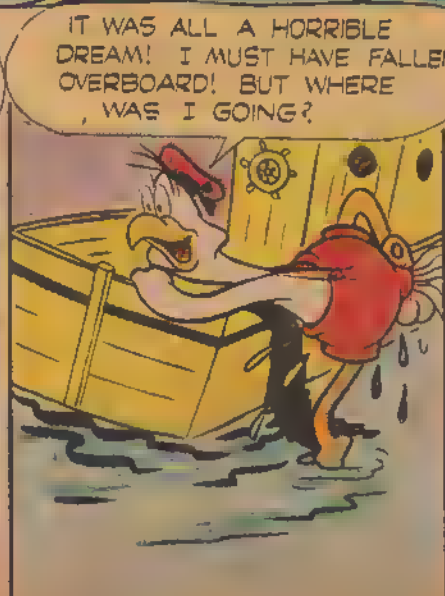
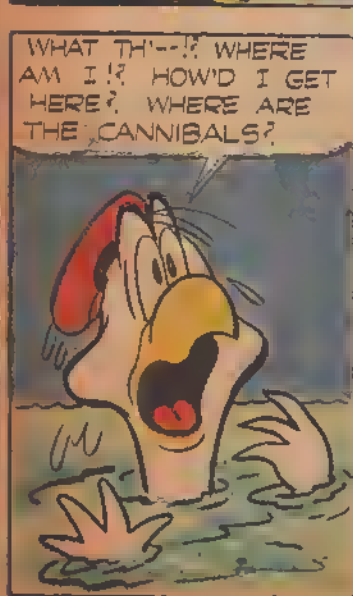
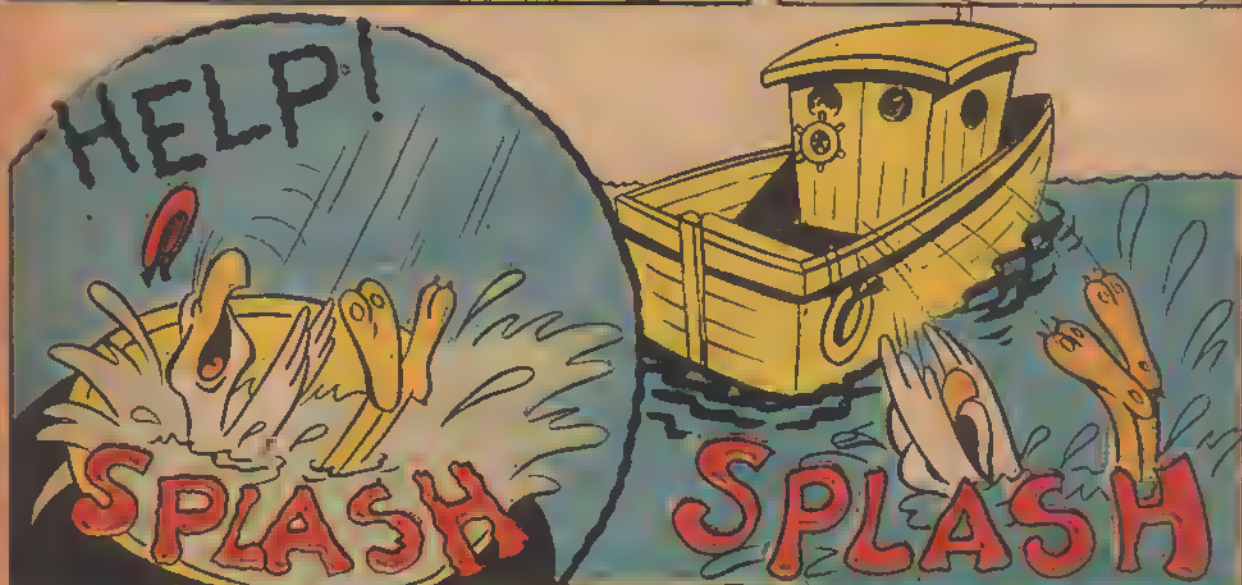
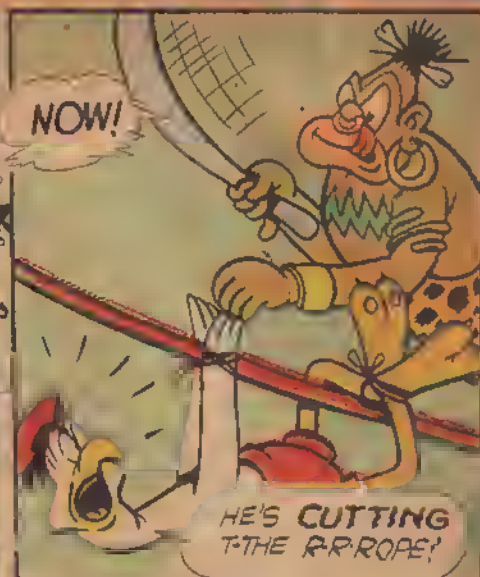
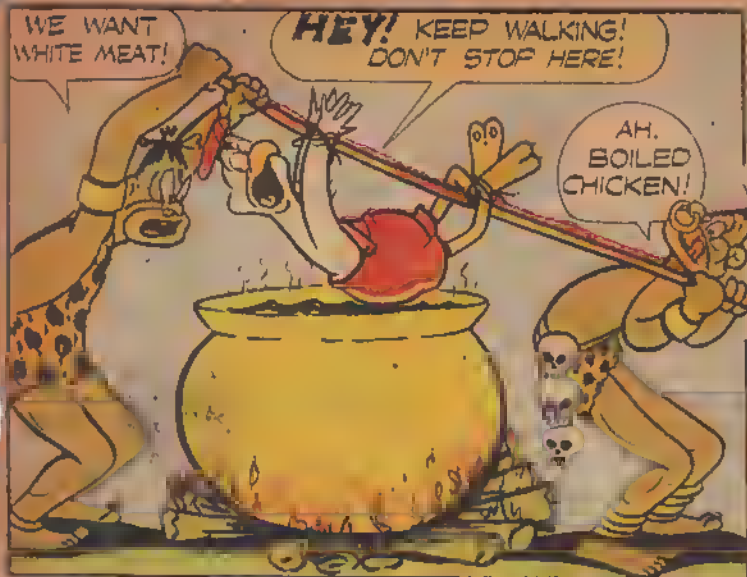
OH-OH!--NOW LOOK AT ME!  
THIS IS MOST EMBARRASSING!  
**HEY, YOU MUGS--PUT  
ME DOWN!**

YGDIP  
YGDIP  
UGG  
MUG

YGDIP\*

**HELP!  
HELP!**

\*"RIDGY" BACKWARDS





# CHARLIE CHIPMUNK WINS A BET

By Mickey Klar Marks

Charlie Chipmunk was very happy. It was a lovely spring morning and he was feeling fine. He came upon some friends of his and was just about to ask them to play a game of tag with him when he heard Furry Squirrel muttering to the others.

"I tell you I wish someone could beat him at something. He's always telling everyone he can beat anybody at anything and I'm getting tired of his noisy chatter."

"What's up, fellers?" Charlie asked as he approached the group.

"Oh, it's that smarty Bertie Bluejay. He's always boasting that no one can beat him at anything."

"Has anyone tried?"

"Tried?" yelled Furry. "Why, we've all tried but he always seems to win. He's a foxy fellow."

Charlie thought for a few minutes. Then he began to grin. He slapped his paws against his legs. "Where can I find Bertie?"

"He's preening himself over at the elm tree," Furry answered curiously. "Why?"

"I think," Charlie said, "that I can fix Bertie so he'll never boast again. So long, fellers, see you later." And off Charlie ran to the elm tree.

He found Bertie sitting on a branch of the tree taking a sun bath.

"Hi, Bertie."

"Hi."

"See that apple orchard over there? I'll bet you anything you want that I'll gather more apples than you," Charlie cried.

Bertie looked down at Charlie slyly. "You're silly. No one ever beats me at anything. Besides I'm a bird and I can fly. I'll get to the tippity top branches of an apple tree and I'll get millions of apples."

Charlie smiled. "I won't even climb a tree. Do you want to bet?"

"No one can say I didn't warn you. I'll bet you a month's supply of worms to a basketfull of nuts."

"Agreed," Charlie nodded his head. "But we must have a time limit." He thought for a moment. "I know, we'll gather apples until Farmer Thomas goes in for lunch."

"Suits me. Let's go to the orchard now. Ho, ho, ha, ha I'm tasting my prize now."

"Ho, ha, ha," he chuckled to himself. "Look at Charlie come through the grass. He thinks he's going to beat me! Without even climbing a tree? Oh, boy he sure is silly. This contest will be easy." Bertie began to peck at an apple. "MMMM, these apples are good." He began to peck even harder using his strong beak to pick out the fruit. He did get some apple into his mouth, but he pecked so hard that the apples fell kerplunk to the ground before he was half through eating them. So he flew to another branch and began pecking away again.

Charlie finally arrived. He made himself comfortable on the ground under the tree and just sat there quietly.

Bertie cocked his head to one side and looked down at the striped fellow. "Well, got here at last, did you? You should have taken a plane. Ha, ha," Bertie thought he was very funny.

"For goodness sake," he continued, "what are you sitting there for? Don't you want to try to win the contest or haven't you found a way to beat me?" he screeched, his mouth half full of apple. Peck, peck, peck, peck and as Bertie ate, more and more apples fell to the ground beneath the tree.

About ten minutes later, Bertie looked down again. He was beginning to be a bit annoyed for Charlie was taking a snooze.

"What are you doing down there, Charlie? Thinking about my month's supply of worms?"

"Oh, no," Charlie replied sweetly. And as Bertie began to eat again, Charlie whispered over and over, very quietly to himself "Apple salad, apple sauce, minced apple, apple pie, apple dumpling, apple butter, scalloped apple, apple jelly. Yum, yum." His bright eyes surveyed the ground around him. There were piles and piles of apples, some of them half eaten some not eaten at all that Bertie's movements had dislodged from the tree.

Suddenly Charlie jumped up. He shaded his eyes with his paw and then he began to jump up and down excitedly. "Time's up, time's up. Farmer Thomas has just gone home for lunch."

"Well what are you in such a hurry to call the contest off for?" Bertie asked as he circled the tree and flew down to the ground. He looked at Charlie. "Get to work, loser. I want a worm."

"Not so fast." Charlie began gathering apples and putting them in heaps. As he worked he said, "Here are my apples. Bertie, old chum. Where are yours?"

Bertie's eyes snapped. "What do you mean, where are my apples? Say—what do you mean?"

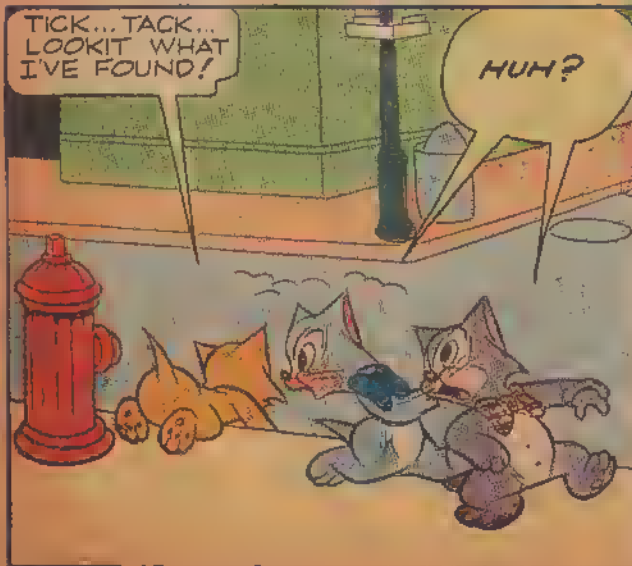
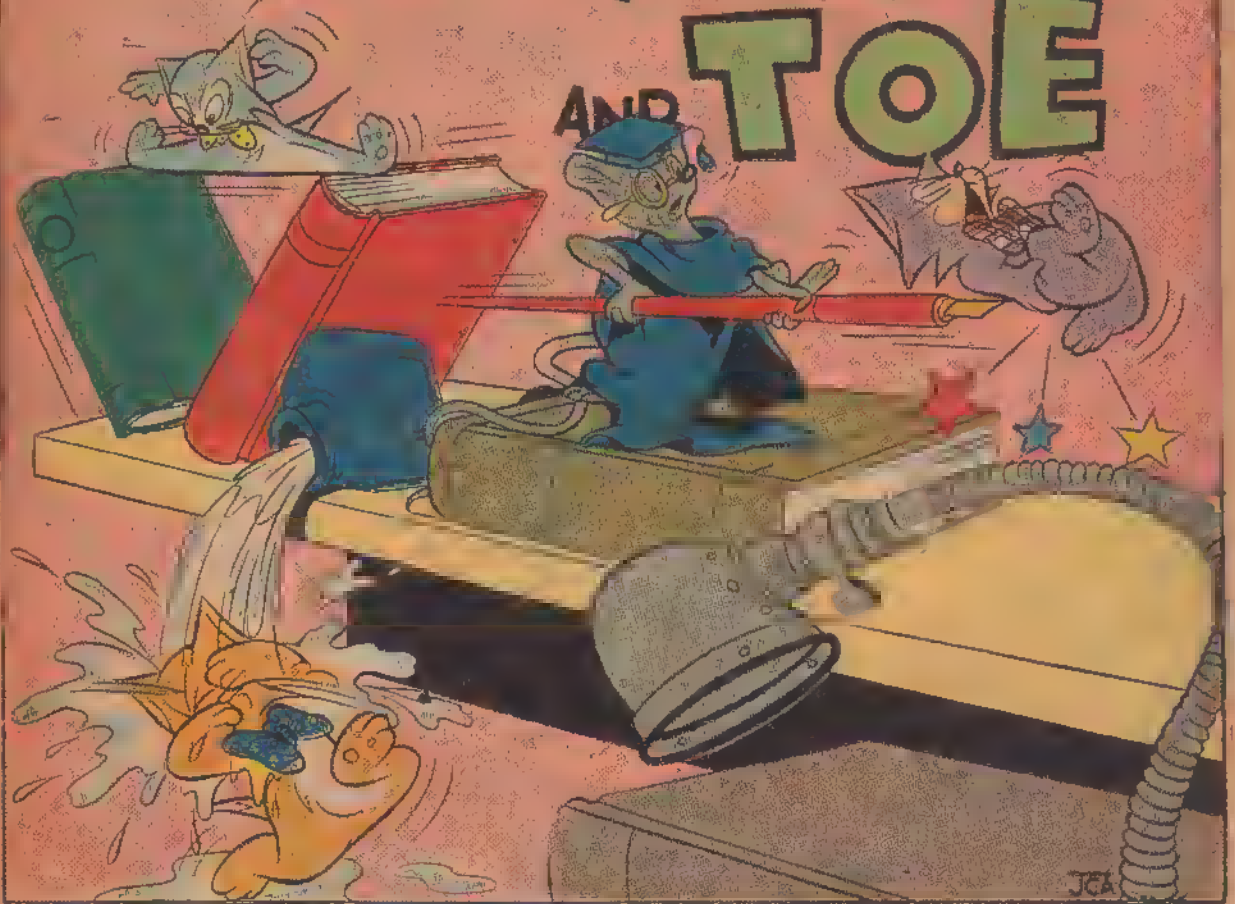
Charlie grinned impishly. "Your apples are in your stomach. Here are mine spread before your very eyes."

Well you never heard such angry chattering. Bertie cried that the rules weren't clear. That the whole contest was unfair. He squeaked and chattered and flapped his wings but finally he had to confess that he was beaten.

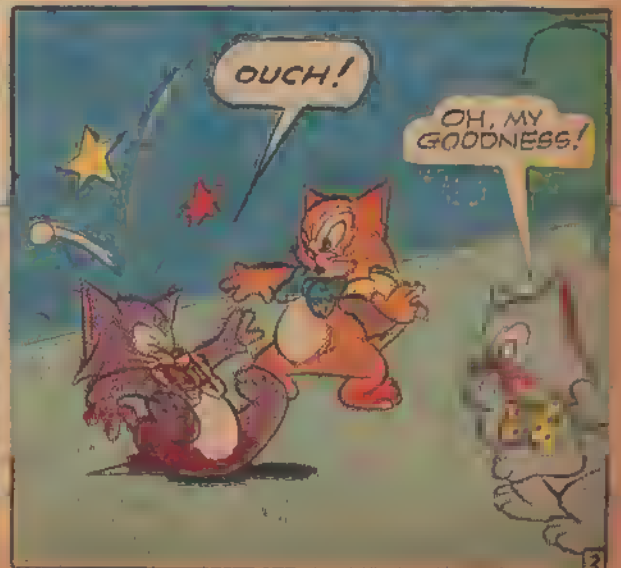
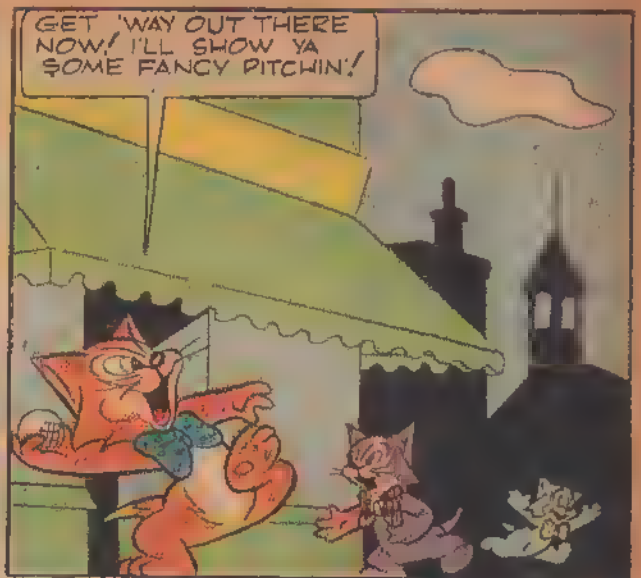
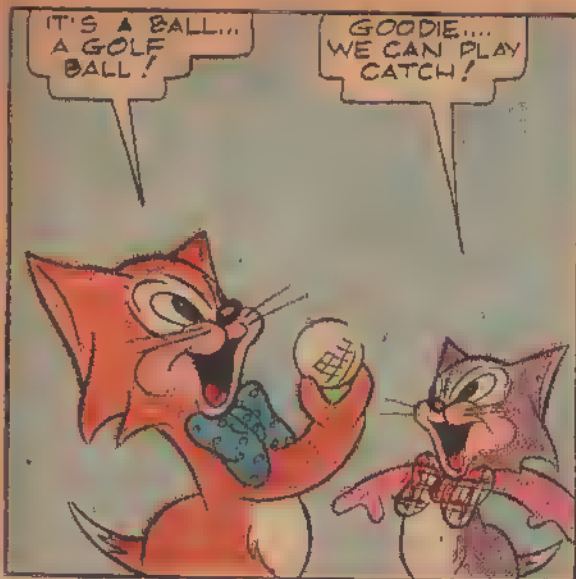
And now although the weather is cold Charlie Chipmunk is as fat and sleek as can be. He has a full larder of dried apples and a whole basketfull of nuts to see him through the winter. But best of all, it would be a long time before Bertie Bluejay ever boasted again.

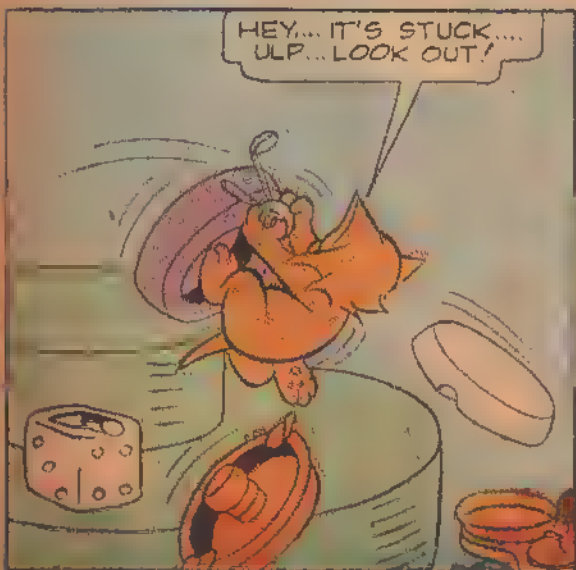
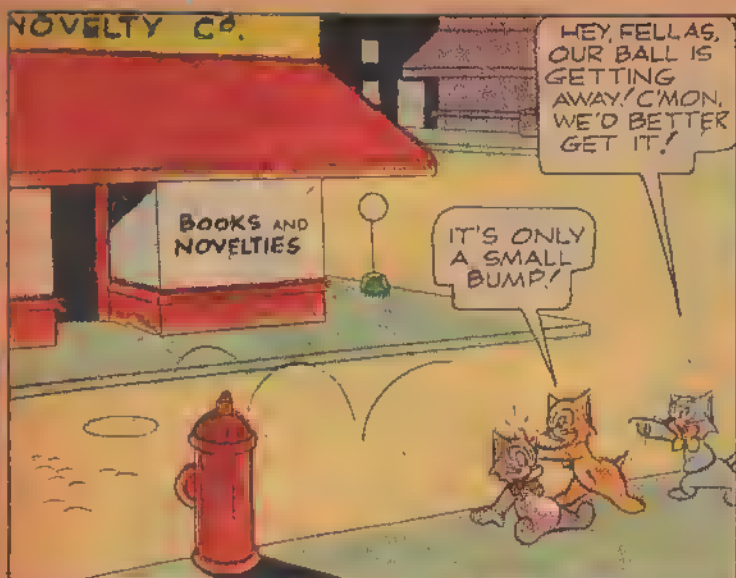
Bertie's mouth dropped open.

# TICK, TACK AND TOE

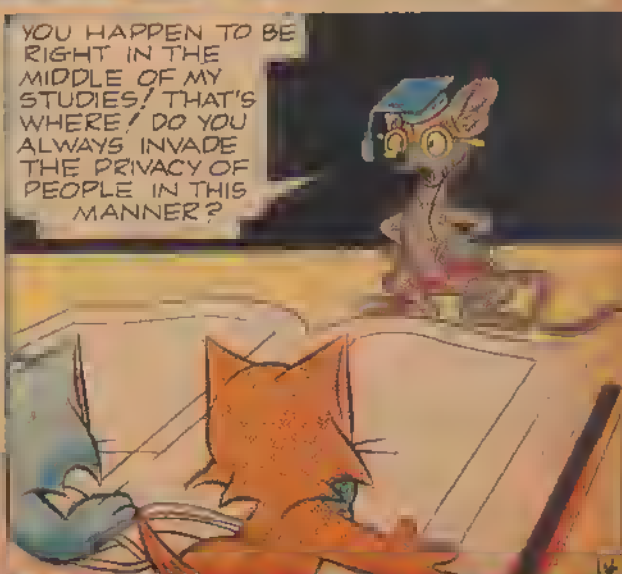
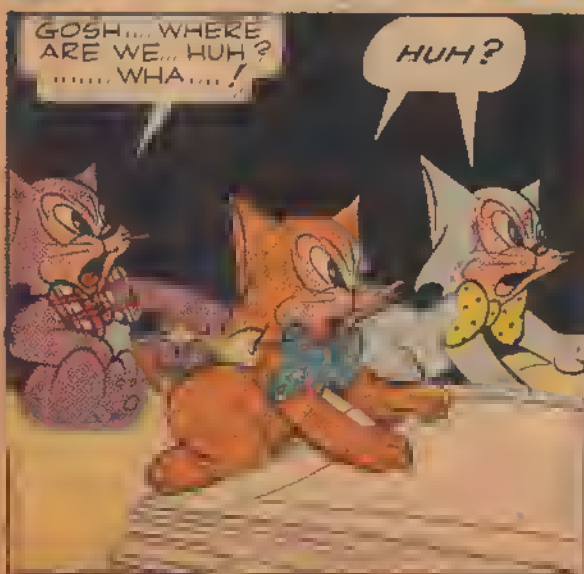
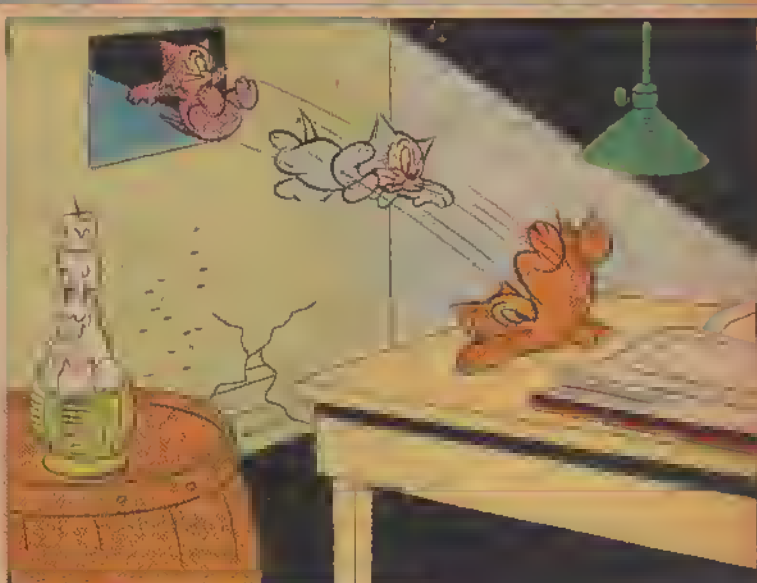












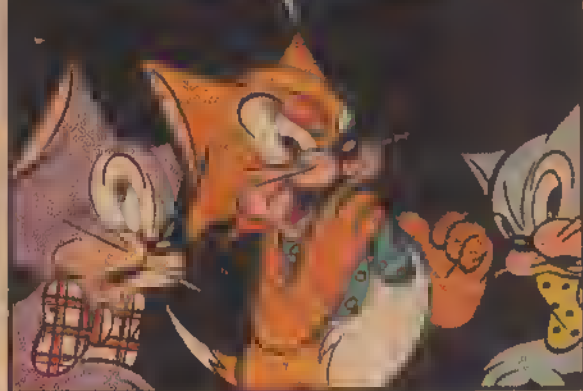
WE'RE NOT  
HURTIN'  
ANYTHING  
AND WE'VE  
GOTTA HIDE.  
BESIDES, WHO  
ARE YOU,  
ANYWAY?

YEAH,  
WHO  
ARE  
YOU?

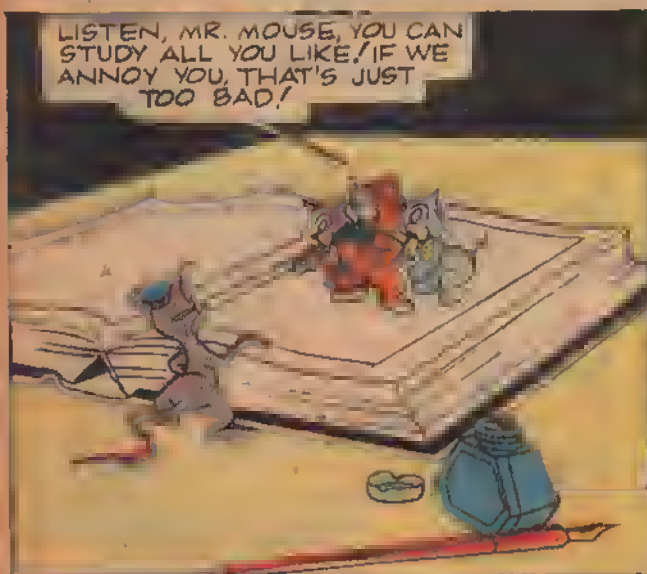
I'M MONTAGUE  
MOUSE! I STUDY  
HERE AND I DON'T  
LIKE TO BE  
ANNOYED!



PSST... DON'T LET HIM  
WORRY YOU! HE CAN'T  
BOSS US AROUND! THERE  
ARE THREE OF US AND  
ONE OF HIM! WATCH ME!



LISTEN, MR. MOUSE, YOU CAN  
STUDY ALL YOU LIKE. IF WE  
ANNOY YOU, THAT'S JUST  
TOO BAD!



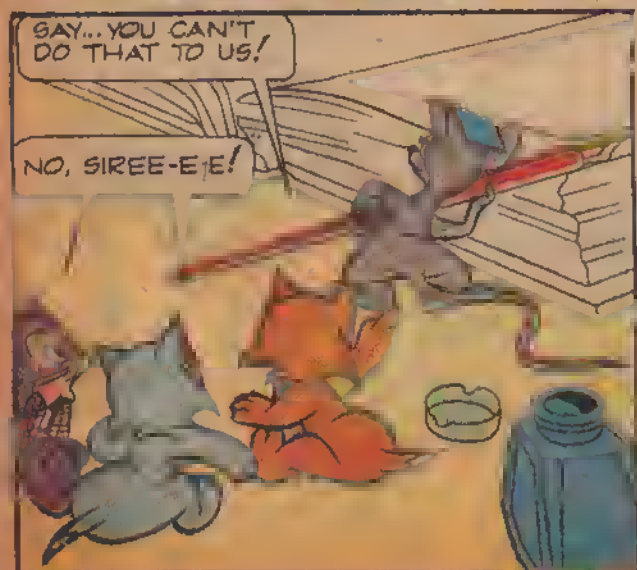
UH.... WHOOOPS!



REALLY? IS THAT  
A FACT? IN THAT  
CASE, I'LL READ ON!

SAY... YOU CAN'T  
DO THAT TO US!

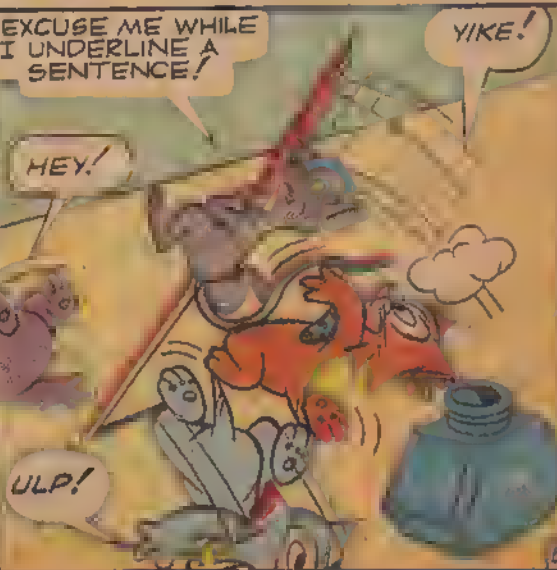
NO, SIREE-E-E!



EXCUSE ME WHILE  
I UNDERLINE A  
SENTENCE!

YIKE!

HEY!



ULP!

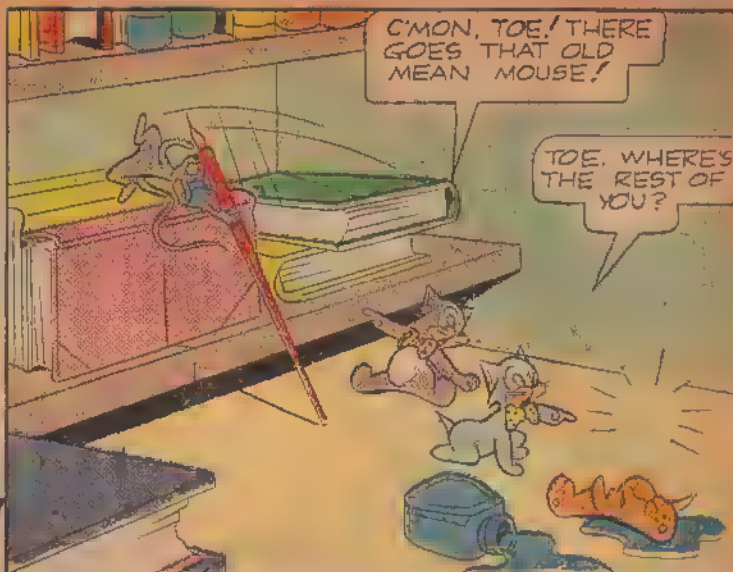


ULP!  
BLUB BLUB!



C'MON, TOE! THERE  
GOES THAT OLD  
MEAN MOUSE!

TOE, WHERE'S  
THE REST OF  
YOU?



TOE SPILLED  
INVISIBLE INK  
ON HIMSELF!  
HE IS NO MORE!

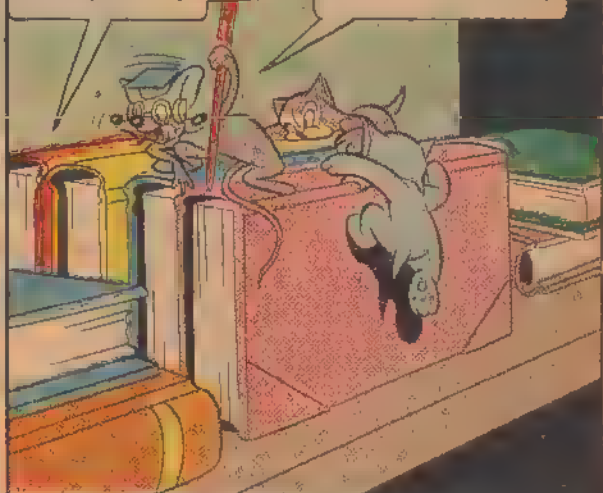
HA! WE'LL  
FIX MR.  
MOUSE  
GOOD  
NOW!

WHAT ARE  
WE GONNA  
DO?



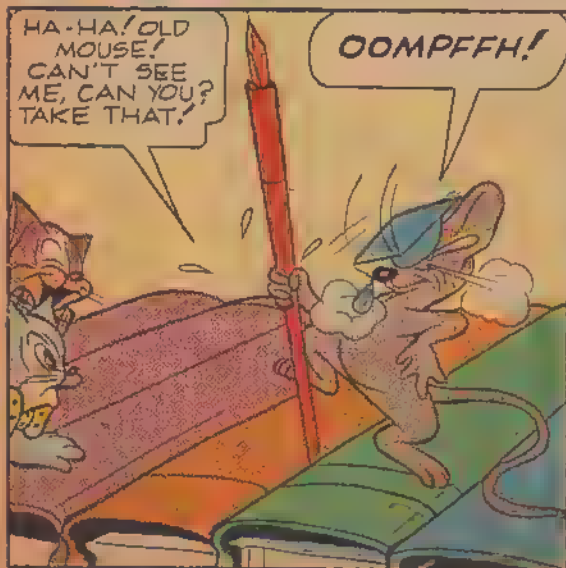
HO-HO! WE'VE GOT  
HIM SURROUNDED  
NOW, BOYS!

OH, OH! WHERE  
IS HE? I CAN'T SEE  
THE OTHER CAT!

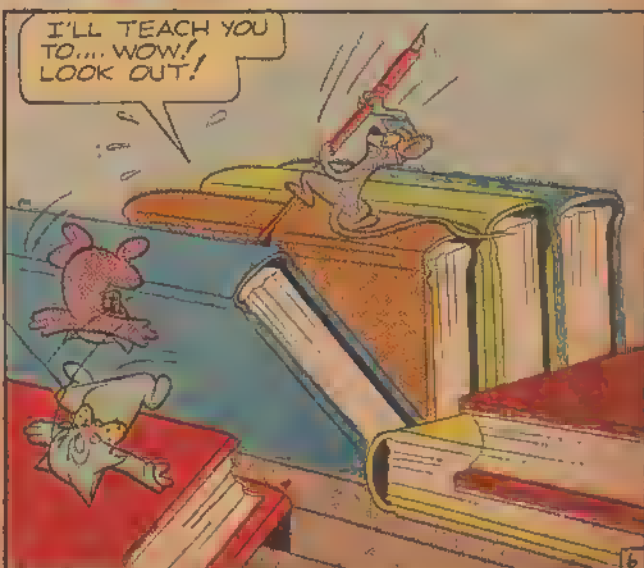


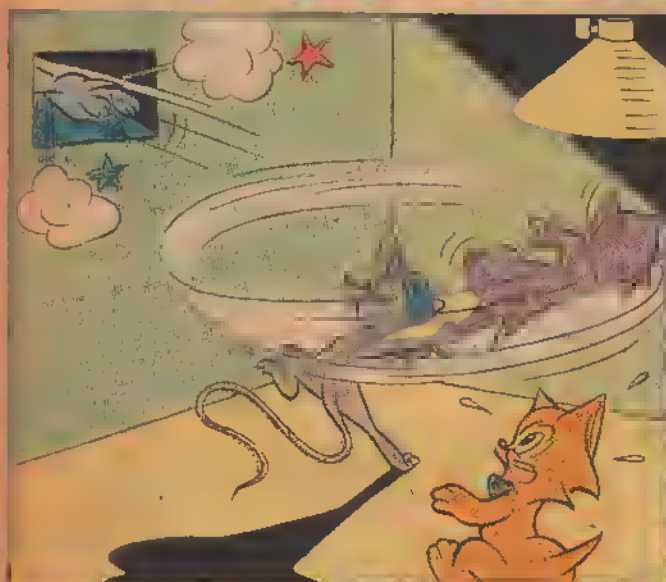
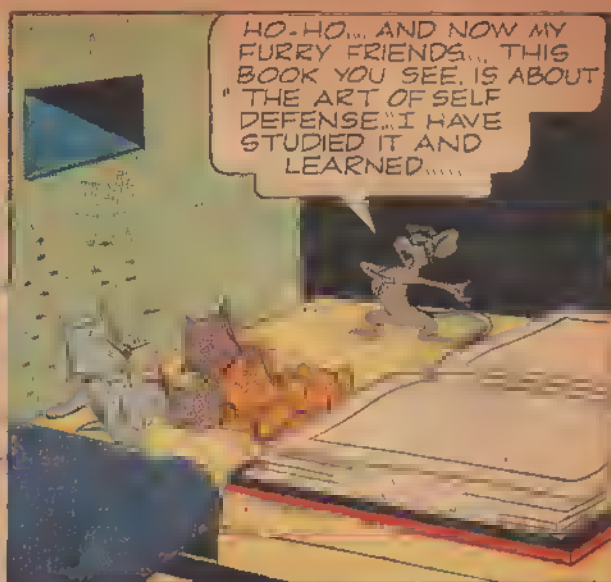
HA-HA! OLD  
MOUSE!  
CAN'T SEE  
ME, CAN YOU?  
TAKE THAT!

OOMPFH!



I'LL TEACH YOU  
TO... WOW!  
LOOK OUT!







# THE TIN BOX

IT is sad to have to say this, but say it I must, little Ronnie Russell was a selfish spoiled boy. Never a day passed that he didn't cry, "I want this, I want that," until it became such a nuisance that people didn't care for him very much and went far out of their way to avoid him when he came by.

One day his mother gave him a fine new tin box. It was shiny and green and there was a slit on the top just large enough for coins to pass through and clink merrily inside. It was a bank you see, and Ronnie was pleased with it.

"I'll save all the money up and buy me a fine new sled down at Crewe's store."

His mother said nothing, but gave him the penny. After a bit Ronnie looked and asked, "Mother is this the sort of box that never empties?"

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Russell questioned.

"You know, the kind they have in fairy tales. Like a purse that never empties. Everytime a man puts his hand in his purse there is a new gold coin."

"No, dear, this isn't the sort of box at all."

"I want that kind of box, I want a box that never empties, I want a magic box," Ronnie wailed and cried.

"Ronnie, if you fuss any more," Mrs. Russell said sternly, "I shall take the new box away, and give it to someone else. Someone who could find magic there if he wanted to."

Ronnie stopped crying.

"Now what do you mean, Mommy? You just said there was no magic in this box! I heard you."

"That's right. But everything has magic. One has to find it."

"How?" Ronnie asked.

"I'm not going to tell you. But I think one of these days if you forget your selfishness, you may find out for yourself."

But one day Ronnie was playing with a toy truck he'd received and having the grandest time when a ragged little boy came along.

"Haven't you any warm clothes?" Ronnie asked.

"Why, no." The other chap blushed. "We're poor, and mother has no money to buy things for me."

"Oh." Ronnie drew his brows together and for the first time in his life he said, "Would you like to play with my truck?"

"C-could I — would you, oh I'd love to." And the ragged fellow sat down and played with the truck and had the best time. Somehow Ronnie felt a warmth grow inside him. It was deep and good, for as we said before it was the first time in his life he'd done something for someone else. The feeling he got couldn't be explained.

That night when he put his daily penny into the tin box he came to a decision. He emptied the bank of every penny that was in there. Next day he asked his mother to take him to Crewe's shop.

"But," Mrs. Russell protested, "I'm sure there isn't enough money for the sled."

"I know that, Mommy, I want to buy a truck like this."

Without another word, Mrs. Russell put on her hat and coat and away Ronnie and she went to Crewe's. They bought the truck and returned home where Ronnie waited all afternoon until his poor friend went by on an errand. Without a word he handed the boy the new truck.

"It's yours," said the boy.

"No, it's a present, for you," Ronnie replied.

"How wonderful. I've never had a present before." And the ragged boy, his eyes shiny, his hands treasuring his gift went running home as fast as his legs would carry him.

"I expect I'll never have a magic box," laughed Ronnie.

Mrs. Russell hugged Ronnie to her. "It's full of magic right now."

"Where — where's the magic?" Ronnie gasped.

"Can't you see it, for I can. It's filled with kindness, unselfishness, thoughtfulness and generosity."

Ronnie's eyes glistened. "Of course, Mommy. I see it all. That's the magic you tried to tell me about the other day. Everyone can have a box that never empties if they fill it with those things."

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Russell said quietly.

And Ronnie's tin box never does empty, for he has never forgotten that magic grows if we only remember to be the way Ronnie was to the ragged boy.



# ETERNAL HEART

By MICKEY KLAR MARKS

**L**ONG ago and far away in the kingdom of Magoria, there lived a king named Brando. The king was very old and he thought it was high time to select someone to succeed him to the throne. The way to do this would be to marry off his beautiful daughter, Celestia.

King Brando loved his daughter dearly, so calling her to him, he stroked her long golden curls and said; "Celestia, I am growing old and I think it is time I retired. I want you to marry and help rule Magoria. Is there anyone you love?"

Celestia blushed and shook her head.

"Well, then I shall try to find a loyal and true man to be your husband. You go to the castle in the woods and stay there until I send for you."

Being an obedient child, Celestia packed her simplest clothes and travelled until she reached the castle in the far corner of her father's kingdom.

Meanwhile the king called a council of his wisest men.

"We must find a husband

for the princess. Have you any tests to suggest?"

One of the scholars rubbed his chin. "Your Highness, let us have a test to see who is the bravest prince: Publish a decree that any man of royal blood who kills the fiercest lion will win the hand of the princess."

"No, no, a good hunter does not mean a good husband," Brando replied.

Now there was one wise man named Gordel, who only spoke when he had something of great importance to say; consequently the king valued his opinion highly. "Oh, King," he said in his dry, musty voice, "publish a decree stating that any man whether he be of royal or common blood can win the hand of the princess if he finds The Eternal Heart."

Now the king wasn't at all sure what the suitors were supposed to find but the whole thing sounded so difficult that he thought whoever could find The Eternal Heart would be very clever indeed. So the next morning he published the decree which read;

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

By Order of His Highness King Brando

Any man whether he be of royal or common blood Can win the hand of the Princess

And rule the Kingdom of Magoria

If he can find

*The Eternal Heart!*

Excitement in the kingdom ran high. Men of royal birth pledged themselves to the search. No commoner even tried to enter the contest for they felt if even men of royal blood didn't know what they were looking for, how would they?

Now Celestia knew nothing of her father's plans. She played in the woods and wore clothes as simple as a peasant girl's. One day as she was sitting near a woodland pool she looked up to see a handsome man looking at her. He was dressed like a shepherd with clumsy boots upon his feet. The man, whose name was Romanza, was smitten with the lady at first sight, and truth to tell so was the Princess Celestia.

"Oh, lovely lady, what is your name?" He asked.

"Celestia." She replied.



"Celestia, you will always be my one and only love. Will you give me permission to speak to your father and ask your hand in marriage?"

Celestia paled. "No, No, Romanza, although I too feel deep love for you it cannot be. Go to the capital of Magoria and wait for me there. I will get a message to you somehow."

That night Celestia returned to the big palace and running breathlessly to her father's chambers she called;

"Father, before you sent me away you asked if there was one I loved and I answered 'no.' I have found such a one and I would have him for my husband."

The king regarded his daughter in grave perplexity. "Daughter, I cannot do what you ask. I have published a decree and only the man who has found The Eternal Heart can have you as a wife."

Celestia's eyes filled with tears and her voice quivered. "Has—has such a one appeared?"

"Tomorrow the princes crave audience with me. Many have tried so far and failed. But I am the king and though I love you dearly I cannot break my word. Any man, whether commoner or prince, who finds The Eternal Heart wins you and the kingdom."

"But where does one seek it?"

"I know not. Forget the

man you met in the forest."

Celestia called her faithful nurse and bade her go to Romanza; tell him of her royal birth and of the search for The Eternal Heart.

"The throne-room was crowded with courtiers, wise men from all over the kingdom came to hear the judging. The King sat on, his throne with Celestia on his right and Gordel on his left. The page boys blew a mighty blast on their trumpets and the contestants appeared.

A duke brought a red paper heart, but the wise man, Gordel, shook his head. A mighty earl brought a golden heart exquisitely engraved, but again Gordel shook his head. Then Prince Helliard, fiery noble of a neighboring kingdom, entered and produced the heart of an animal that he had kept beating by some mysterious potion. Again Gordel shook his head.

King Brando was becoming angry. "Gordel, is not this The Eternal Heart Prince Helliard has brought?"

"No, Your Highness."

The Prince was about to protest for he coveted Celestia and the kingdom, when a handsome young man dressed as a shepherd burst into the room. Celestia half rose and then sank down as became a girl of royal blood. But her eyes sought Romanza's and Romanza, his face full of adoration looked long

at her. Then he bent his knee before the king.

"Oh, Sire, may I speak?"

The king was outraged.

"Who are you that dashes into court without being announced?"

"I am Romanza, Your Highness, a shepherd. I have come to plead for the princess' hand."

"What!" Shouted the king.

"Sire," Romanza rose. "Is not the hand of the princess offered to commoner and royalty alike?"

The king flushed. "Yes, but you must have The Eternal Heart."

"I have, Your Highness."

Romanza placed his hand over his breast on his own heart.

"Here, beating, is The Eternal Heart. I love Celestia and she loves me. The Eternal Heart is love. All people who feel as we do have it in their possession."

King Brando stared at Romanza then turned to Gordel. He knew before the wise man nodded his head that The Eternal Heart had been found.

"Romanza, I give the Princess Celestia and the kingdom of Magoria into your safe keeping." He took his daughter's hand and Romanza's hand and clasped them together. "I give you my blessings, my daughter, and Romanza, my son, and I charge you both never to lose The Eternal Heart."

# CHUCKY AND BUB

DON'T WORRY, BUB-- IF YOU FALL INTO THE OCEAN I'LL SAVE YOU-- EVEN IF YOU'RE NOT WEARING A BATHING SUIT!

I-IT'S NOT THE B-BATHING SUIT THAT W-WORRIES ME-- I-IT'S THE OCEAN!



CHUCKY, I'VE ARRIVED AT A GREAT DECISION!!

WHAT? VICTORY BY KNOCKOUT?

I'M GOING TO BE AN AVIATOR AND BUILD A PLANE TO FLY AROUND THE WORLD!

HUH?



FOR THE NEWEST AND BEST COMIC ENTERTAINMENT READ HUMDINGER



YOU CAN'T EVEN BUILD  
A MODEL AIRPLANE--  
LET ALONE A REAL ONE!

I HAVE MY BLUE-  
PRINTS ALL READY!  
YOU HAVEN'T EVEN  
DECIDED WHAT YOU'RE  
GOING TO BE!

I HAVE MY BLUE  
PANTS! I'M  
GOING TO BE A  
SAILOR!

HA-HA-HA! YOU  
DON'T EVEN KNOW  
HOW TO ROW A  
BOAT!

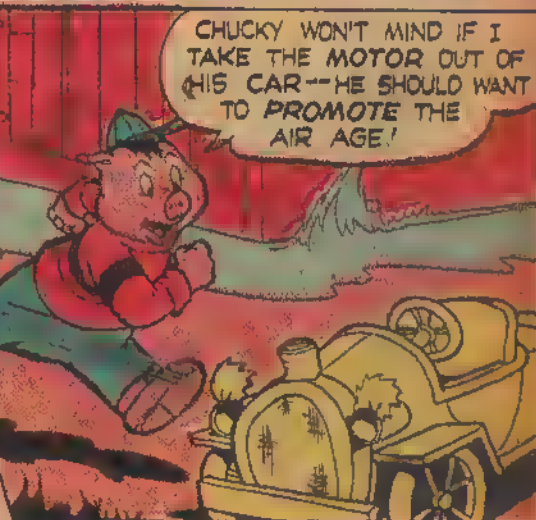
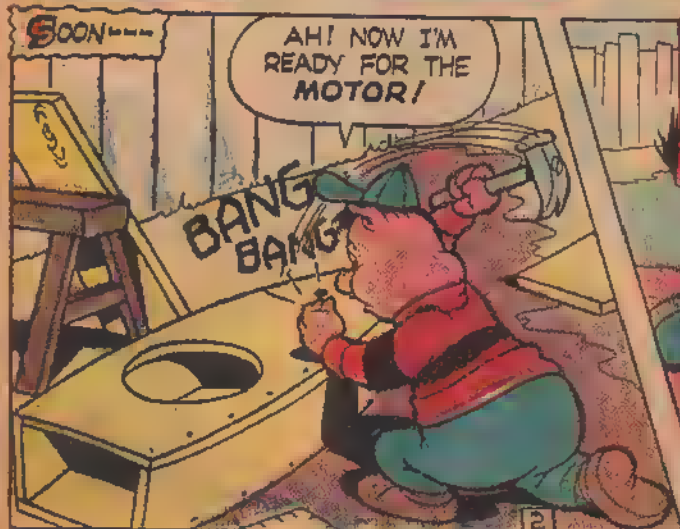
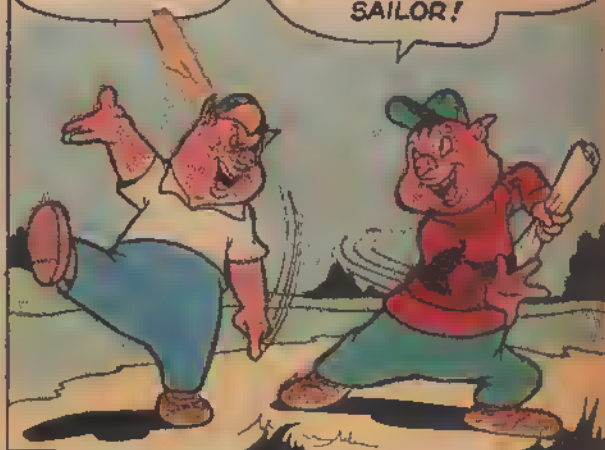


WHO WANTS TO ROW!  
I'M GOING TO SAIL! --AND  
MY BOAT WILL BE READY  
BEFORE YOUR PLANE!

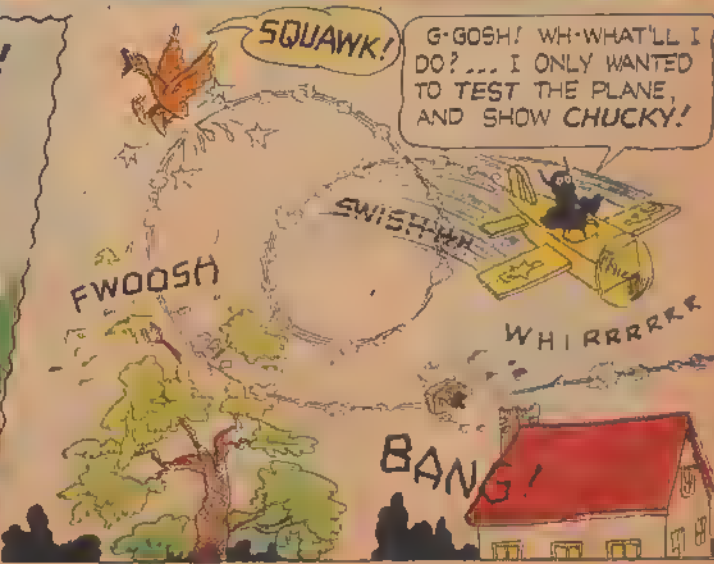
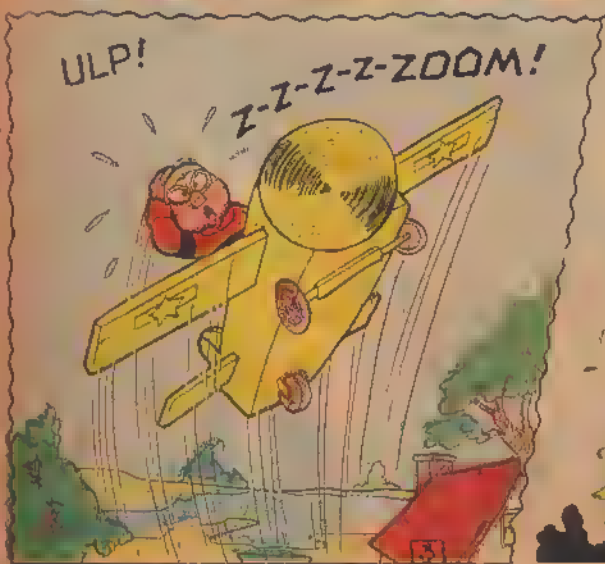
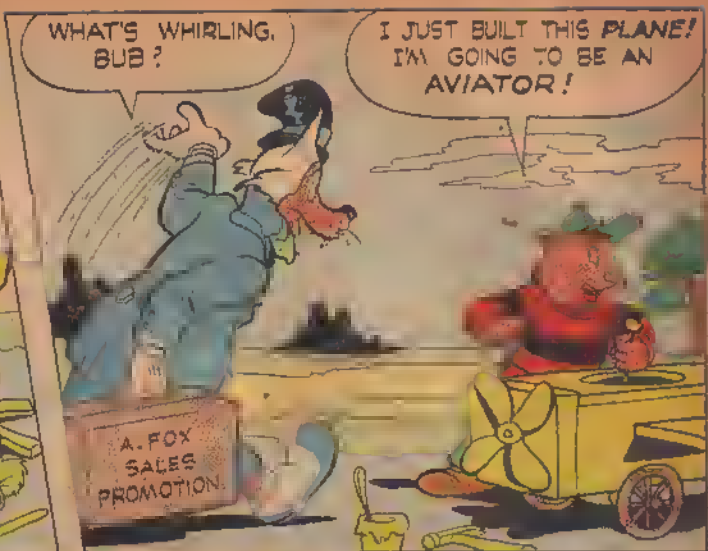
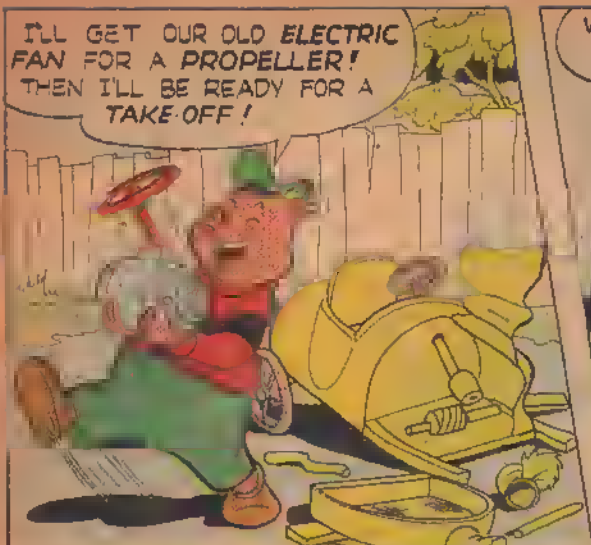
IT WILL  
NOT!

I'M GOING INTO  
PRODUCTION  
RIGHT NOW!

SO'M I! --AND I'LL PROVE  
THAT I'LL BE AN AVIATOR  
BEFORE YOU BECOME A  
SAILOR!

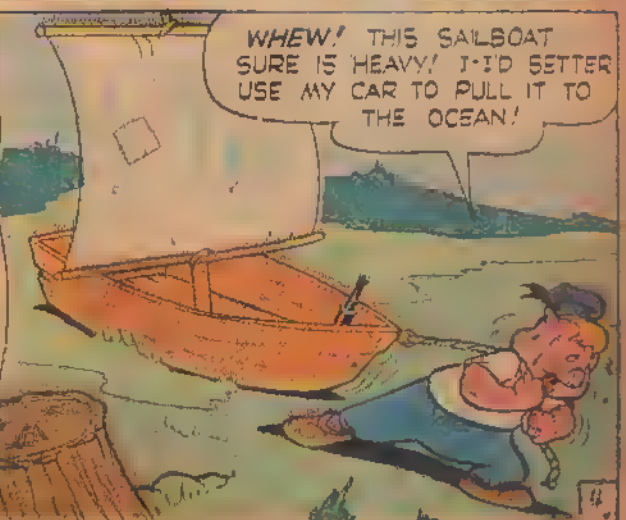
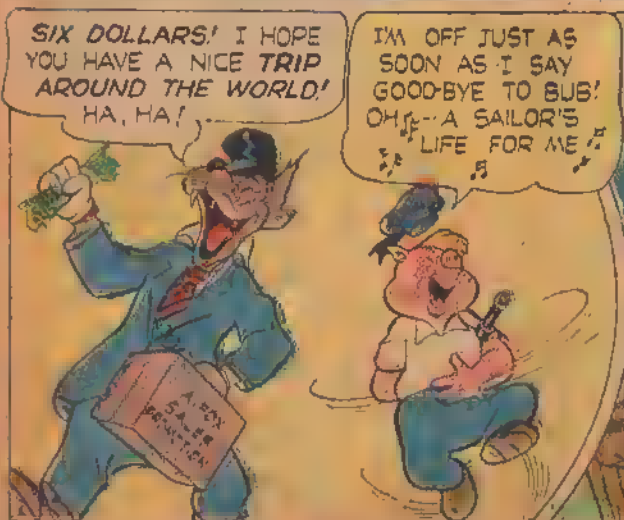
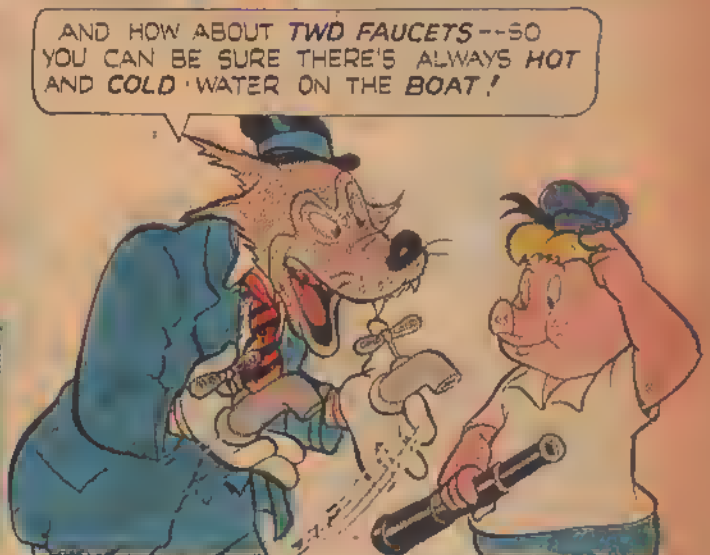
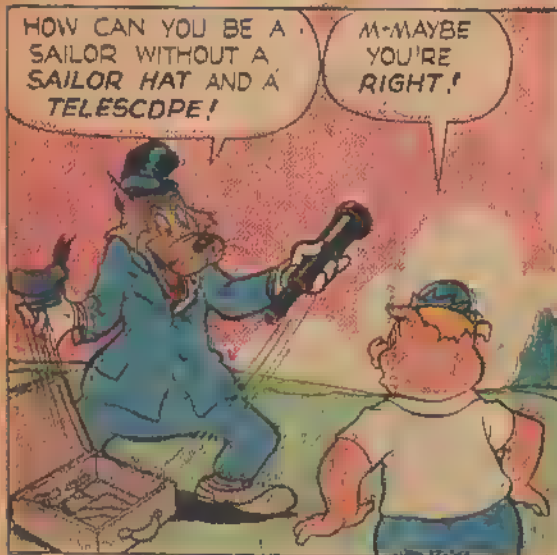
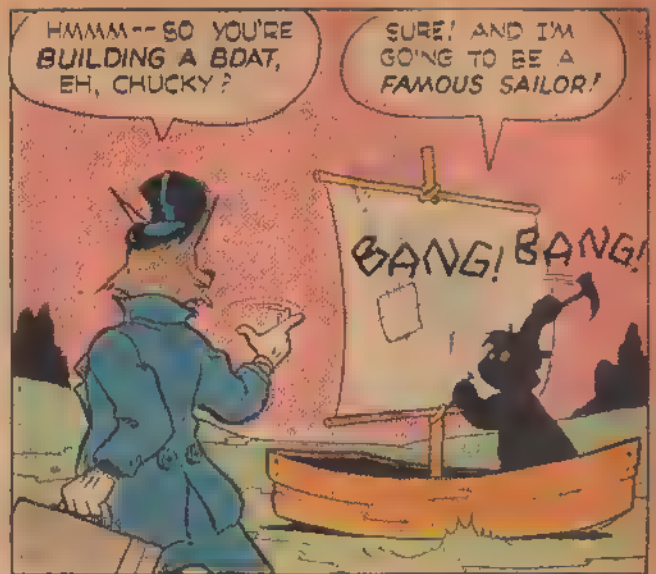
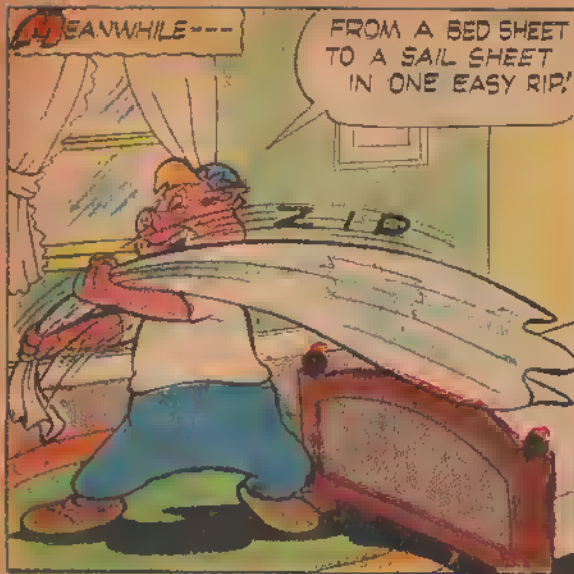


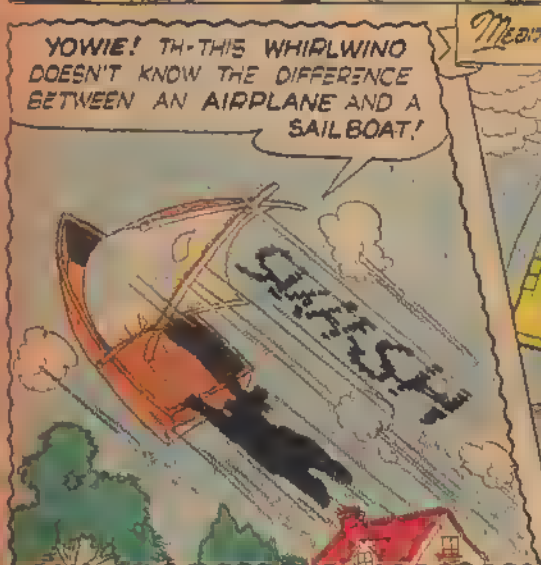
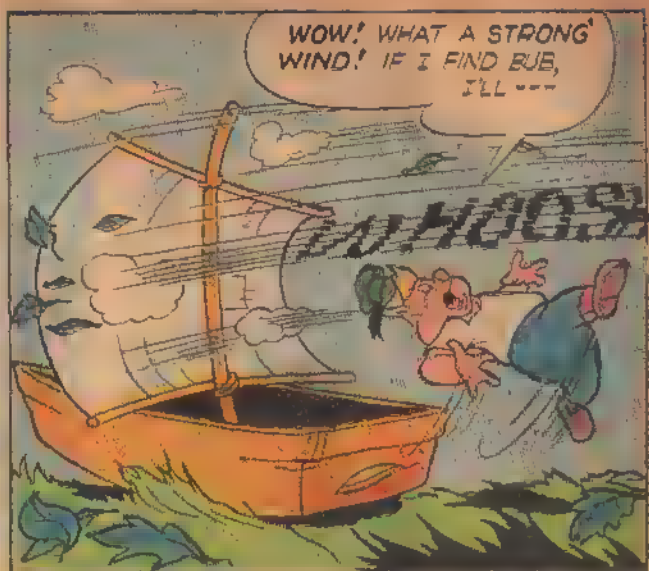
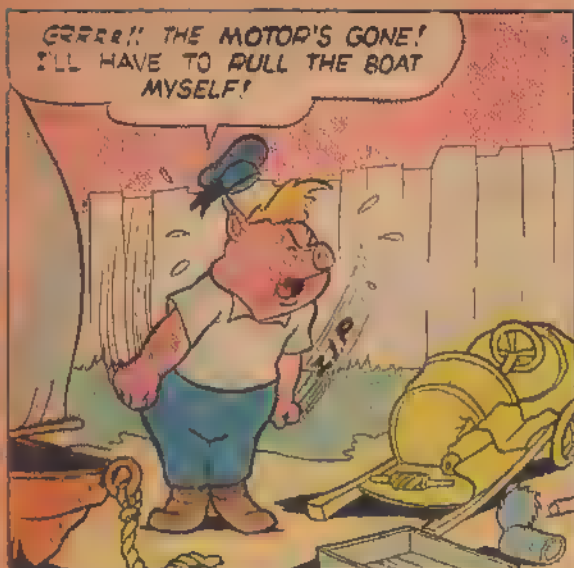
FOR THE VERY BEST IN COMICS READ HUMOINGER MAGAZINE



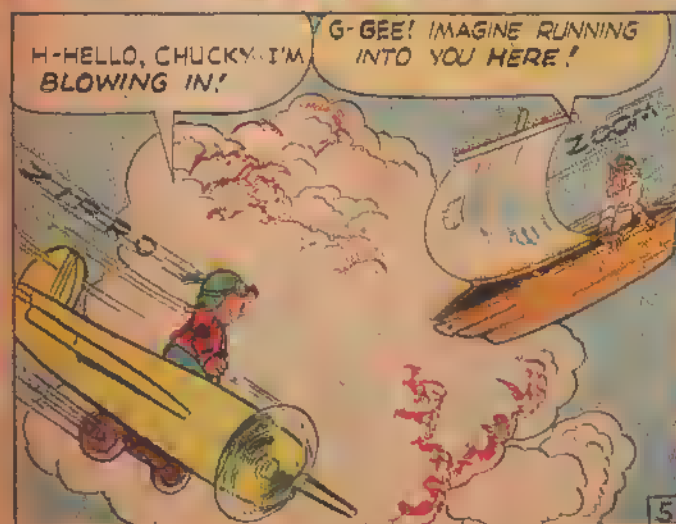
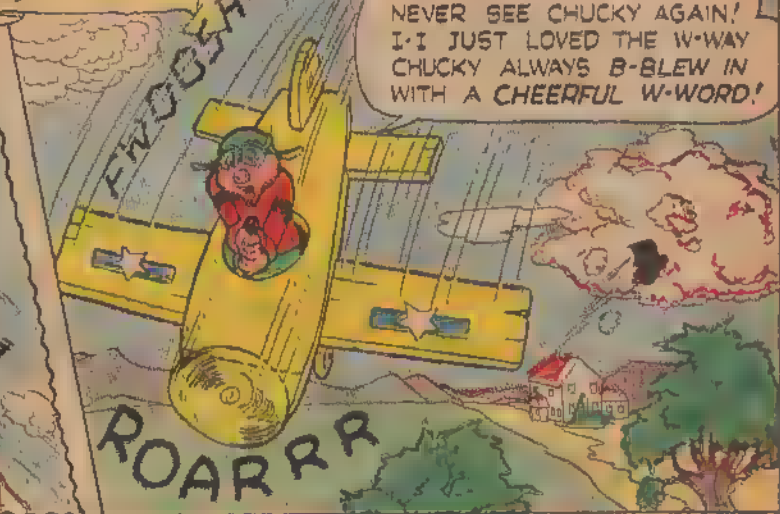
JOIN THE FUN WITH SPECK, SPOT, AND SIS IN THE NEW COMIC MAGAZINE--HUMDINGER





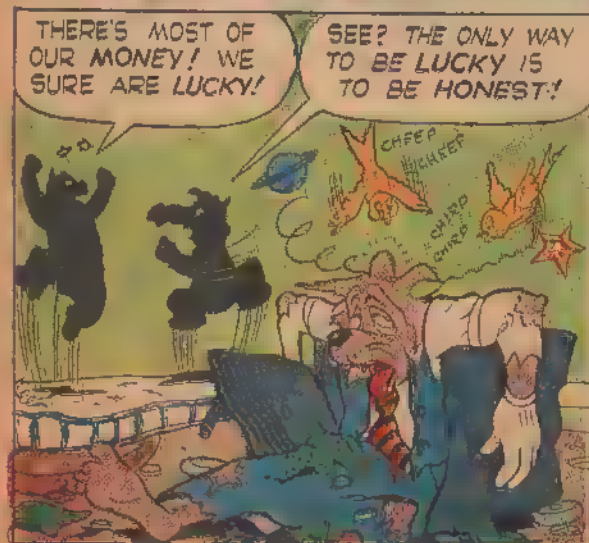
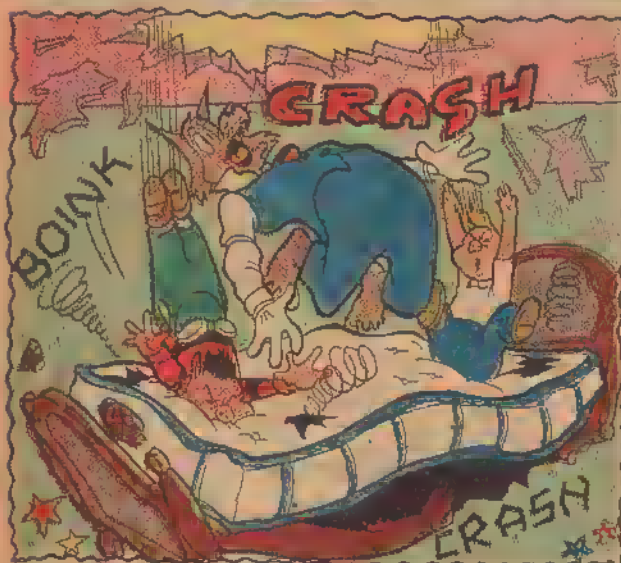
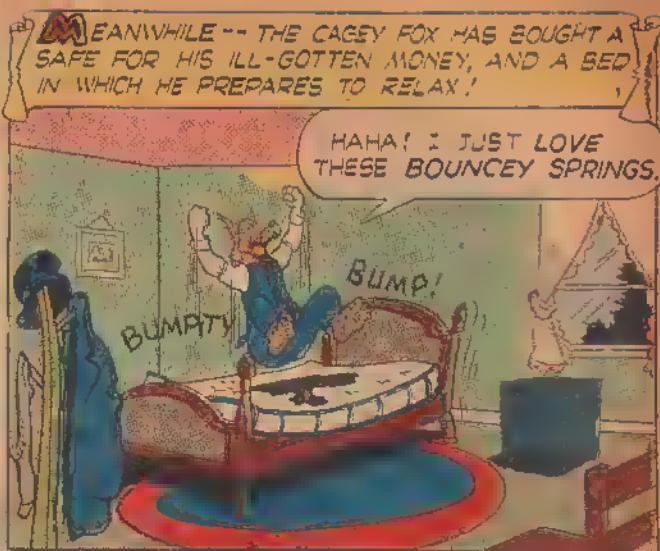
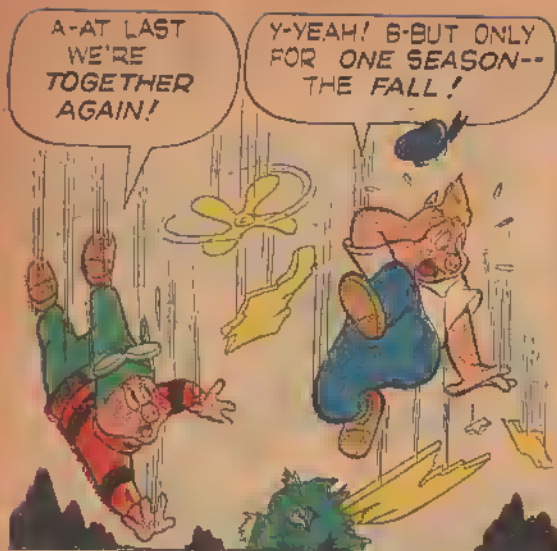


*Meanwhile---*



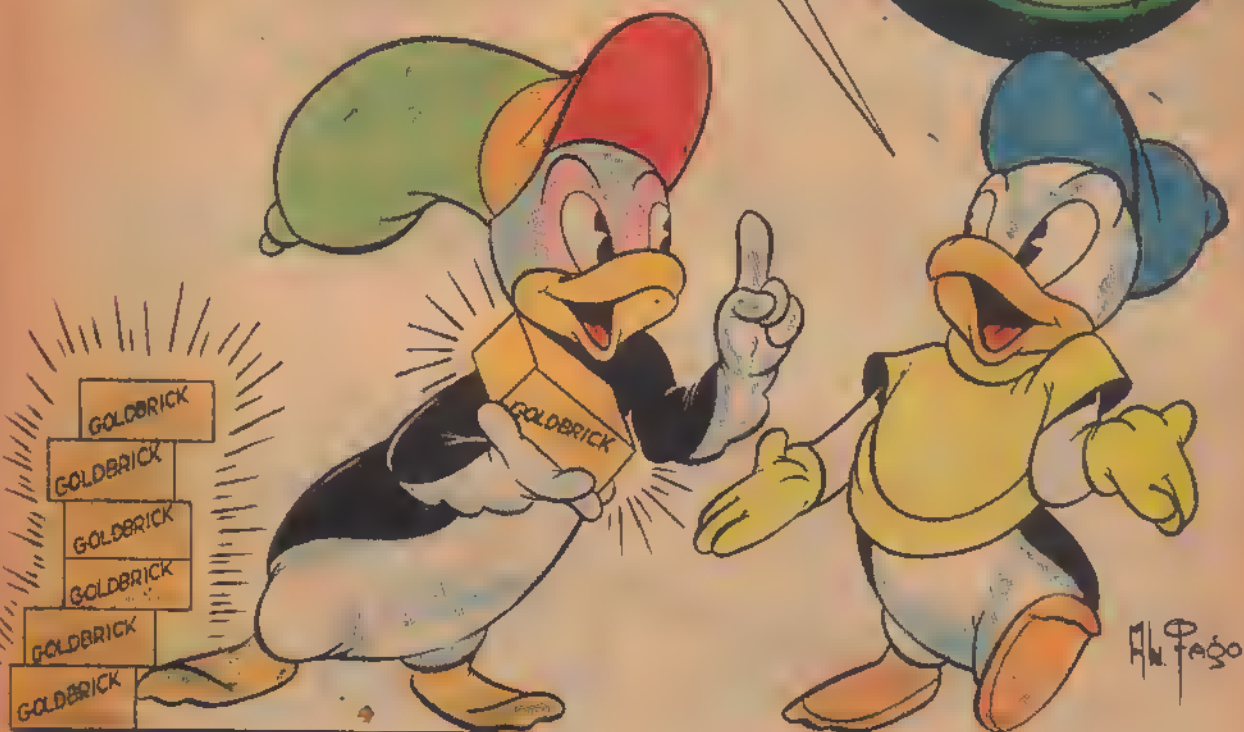
FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF GARY STARK IN TARGET COMICS





# LELE ike

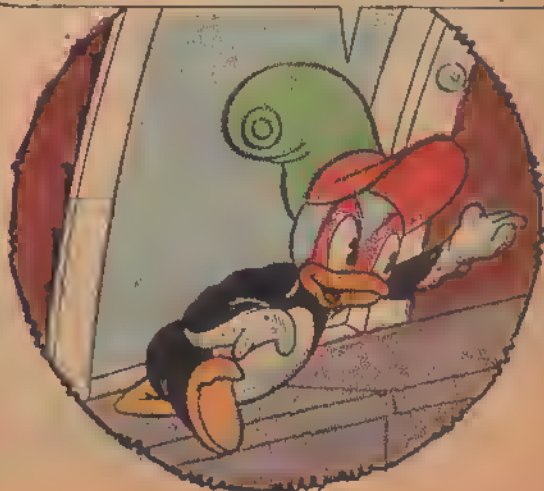
YOU WANT ME TO BUY YOUR GOLD BRICKS?  
MY FRIEND, I DON'T THINK I OUGHTA!  
HOW COULD I BUILD WITH GOLD BRICKS WHEN  
I'M FRESH OUT OF DIAMOND DUST MORTAR?



O'BOY, THAT'S THE NEW GIRL LETTER CARRIER...  
SWELL GIRL... SHE JUST GOT MARRIED!

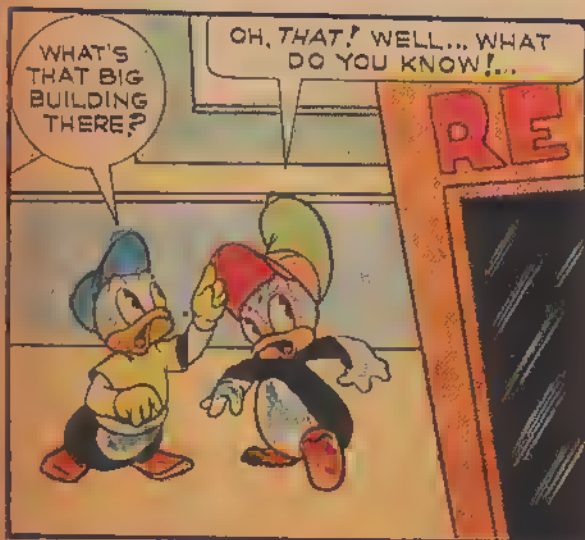
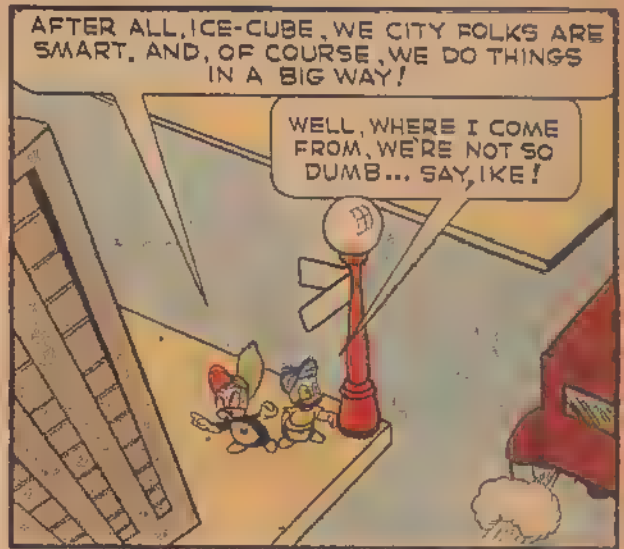
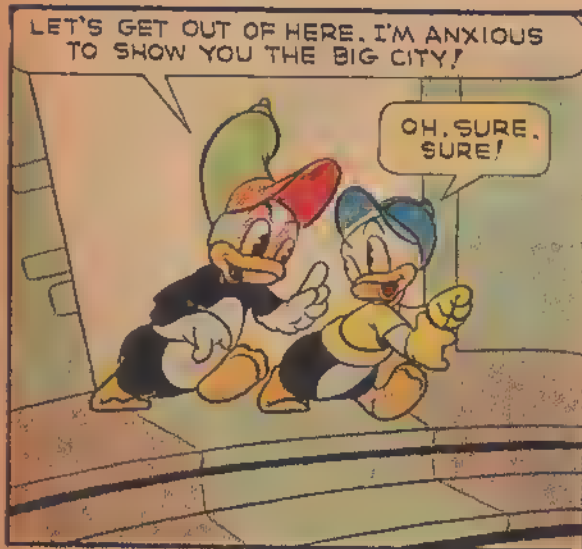
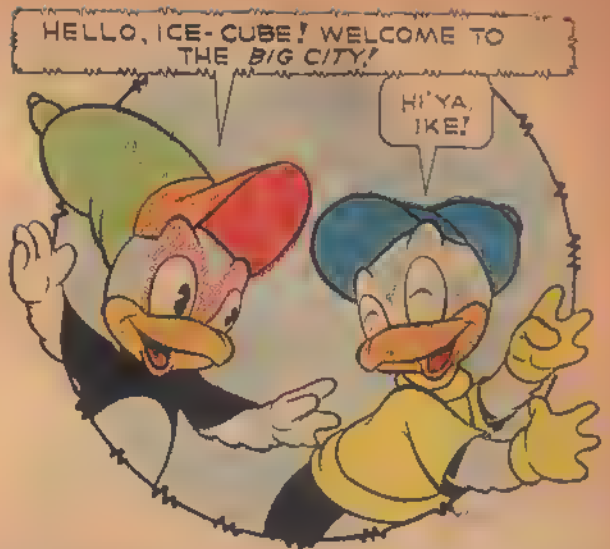
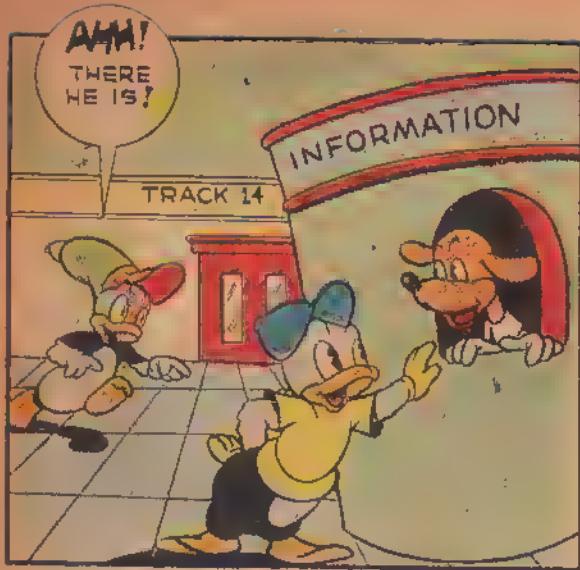


HI, POST LADY.... HOW'S YOUR MAIL?











WELL, LISTEN HERE. RIGHT AFTER YOU LEFT THE SOUTH POLE, A BIG WIND BLEW IT DOWN!

O'MIGOSH, NO!

YESSIR... SO WE REBUILT IT AND NOW IT TAKES TWO MEN AND A BOY TO SEE THE TOP OF IT!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE?

HMM, SOUNDS SILLY. EXPLAIN THAT TO ME!

THAT'S EASY... ONE LOOKS TILL HE GETS TIRED.. THEN...

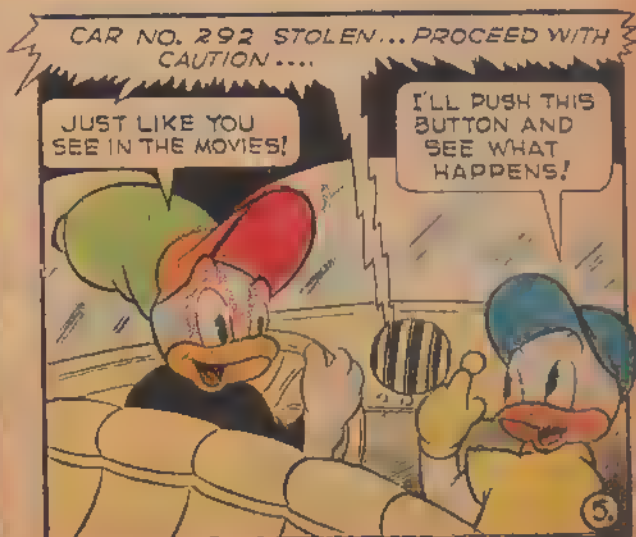
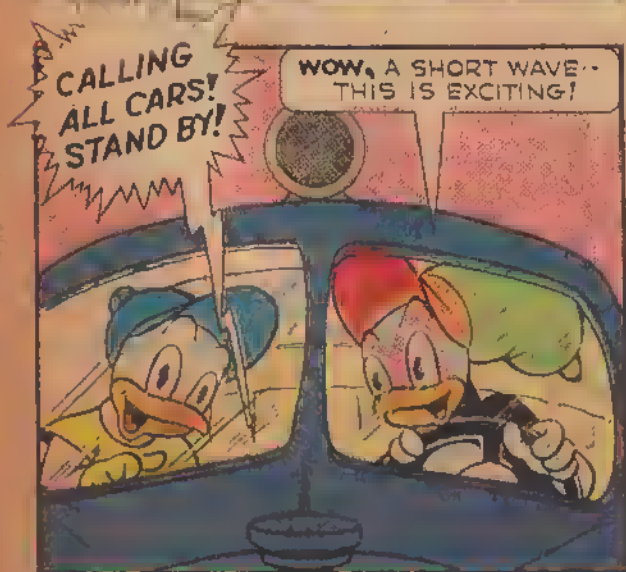
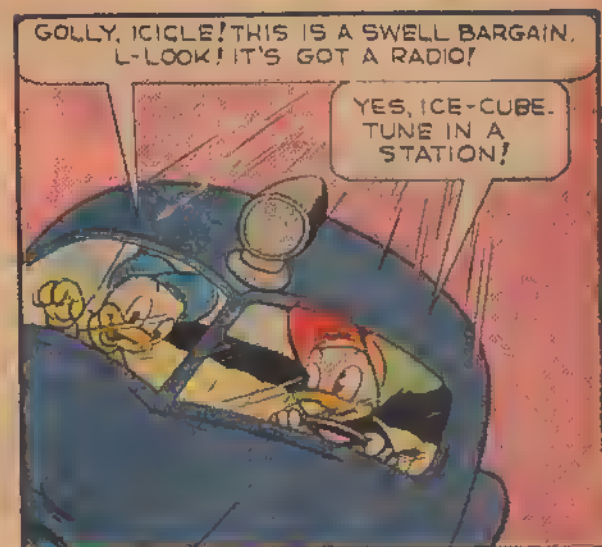
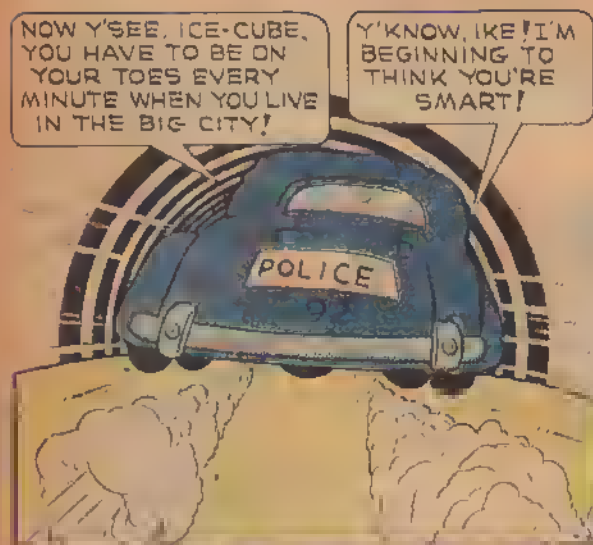
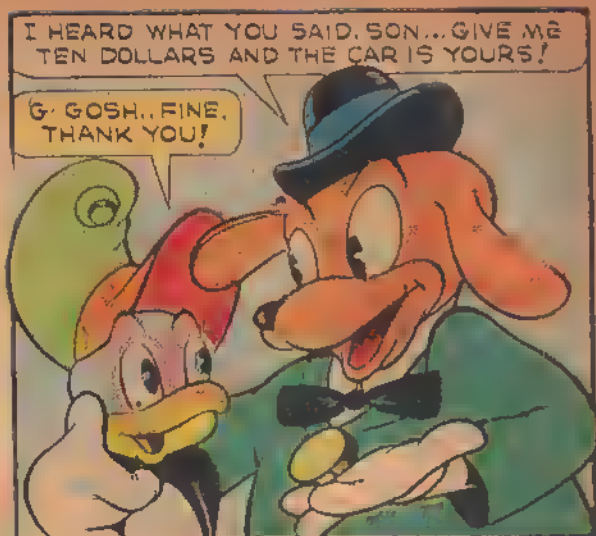
... ANOTHER COMMENCES WHERE HE LEFT OFF!

ALL RIGHT, THAT'S ENOUGH OF THOSE TALL STORIES FOR ONE DAY. LET'S TAKE A WALK!

GOSH, I'M TIRED. I WISH WE HAD A CAR!

WHAT'S THE MATTER ICE-CUBE, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT AUTOMOBILES COST HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS?

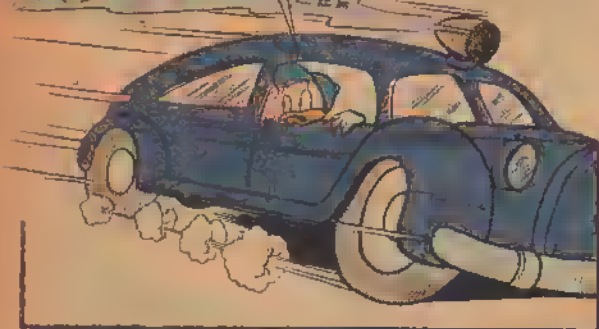
WOW! THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY!



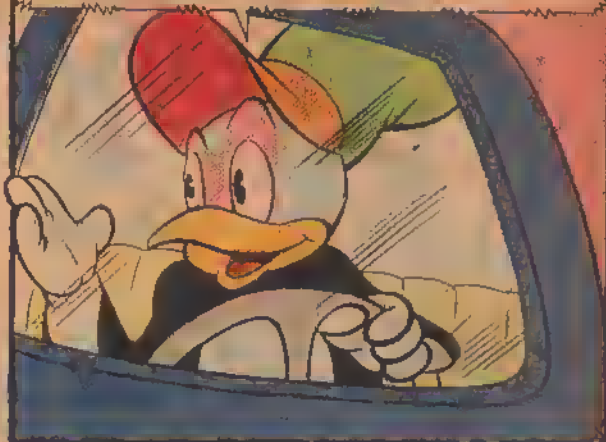


WOW! KICKLE! LISTEN TO THAT NOISE!  
IT LOOKS AS IF WE HAVE A POLICE  
ESCORT AFTER US!

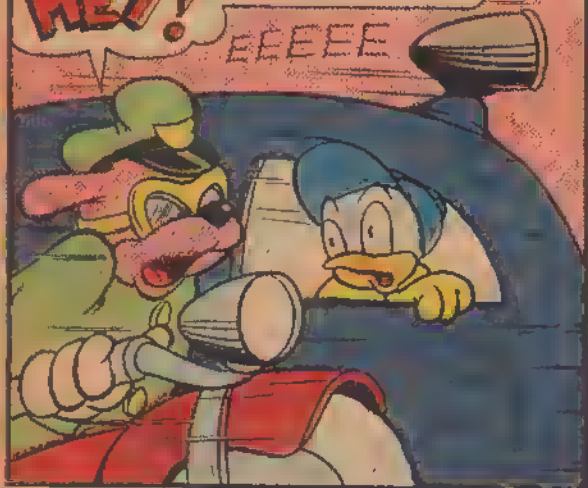
WHEEEEE



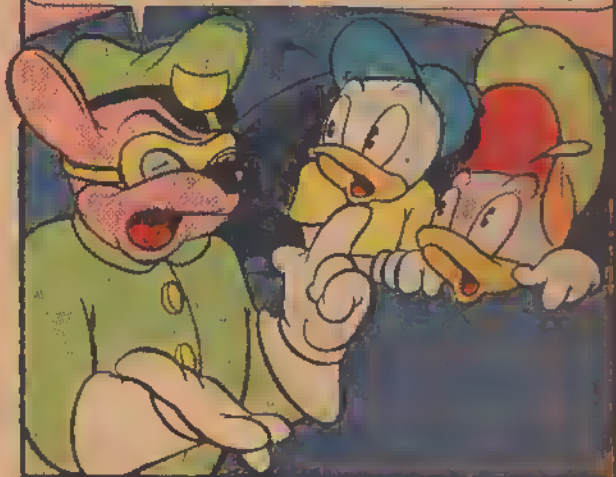
THAT'S SWELL, ICE-CUBE...MAYBE THEY  
WANT US TO HELP THEM FIND THE  
CAR THIEVES!



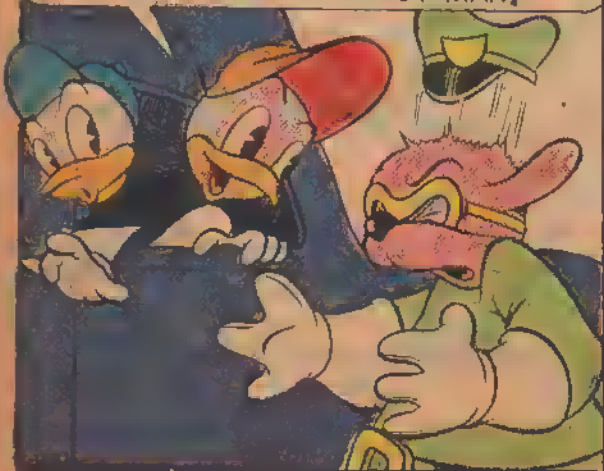
HEY! PULL OVER!  
EEEEEE



HO-HO, A COUPLE OF DESPERADOES! I  
SUPPOSE YOU JUST BOUGHT THIS CAR?

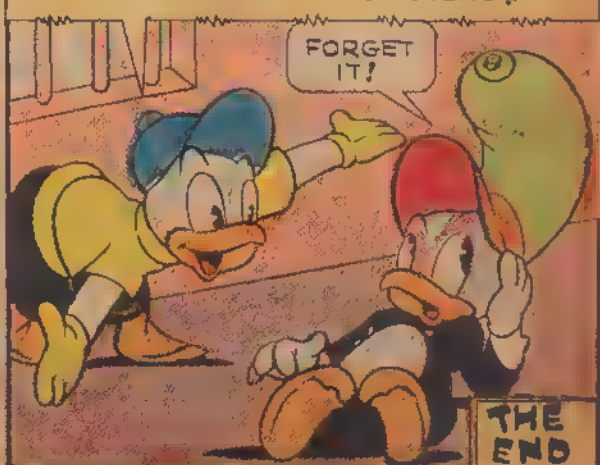


WHY, OF COURSE I BOUGHT THIS CAR!  
AND FROM A VERY HONEST MAN!



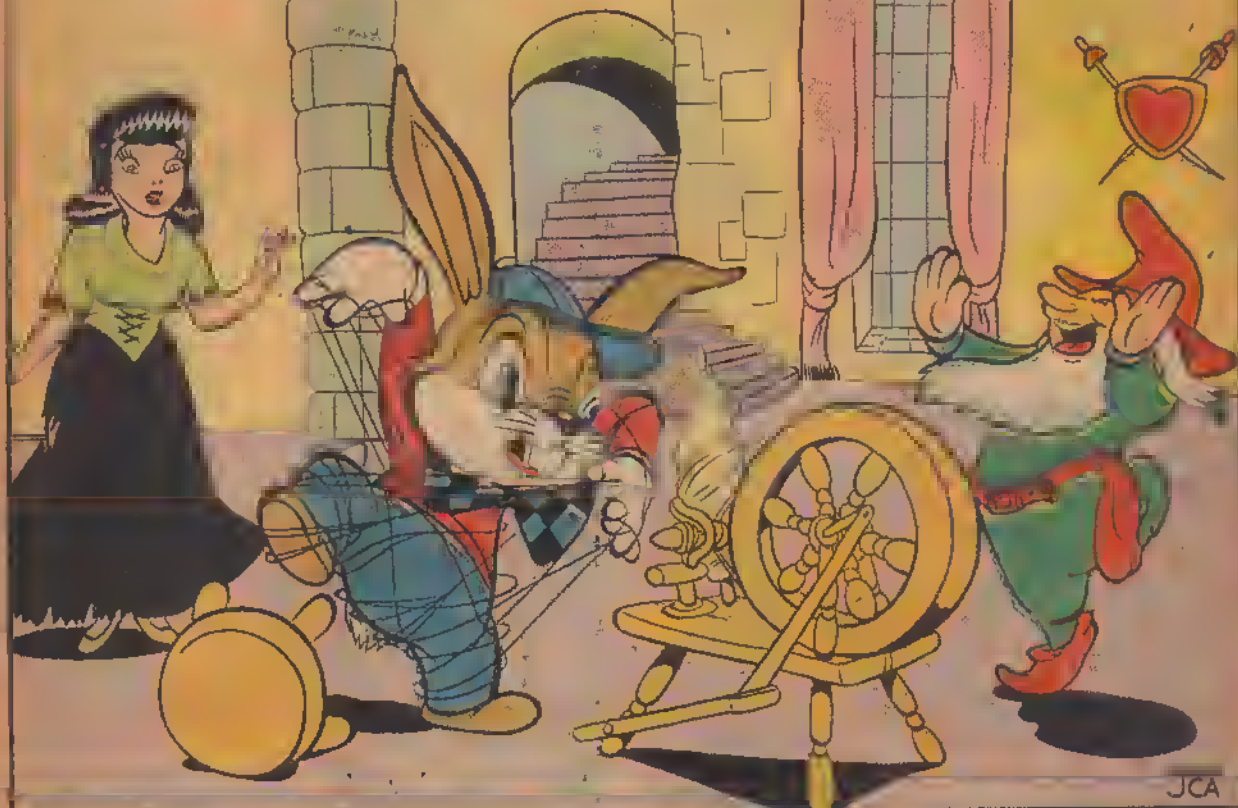
NOW WHAT WAS IT YOU SAID ABOUT  
SAVING ME FROM CITY SLICKERS?

FORGET  
IT!



THE  
END

# Dopsy Duvvy



JCA

"HER FATHER ALWAYS BRAGGED ABOUT HIS DAUGHTER"--HMM--NO WONDER!! THINK I'LL STEP INTO THIS BOOK AND GET A DATE WITH HER!!



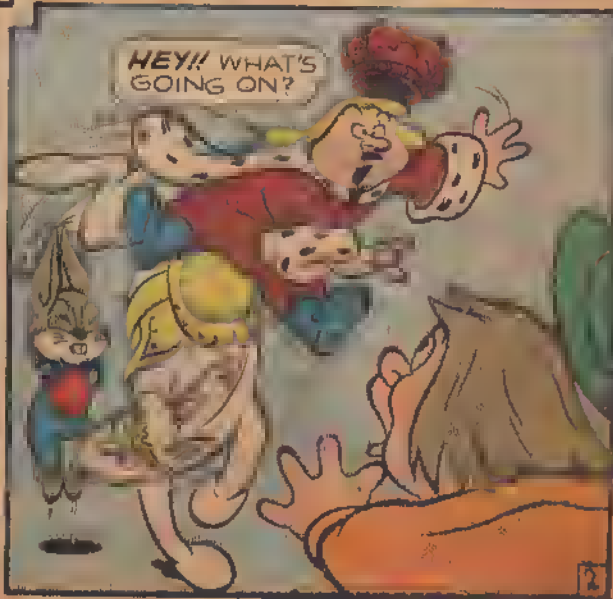
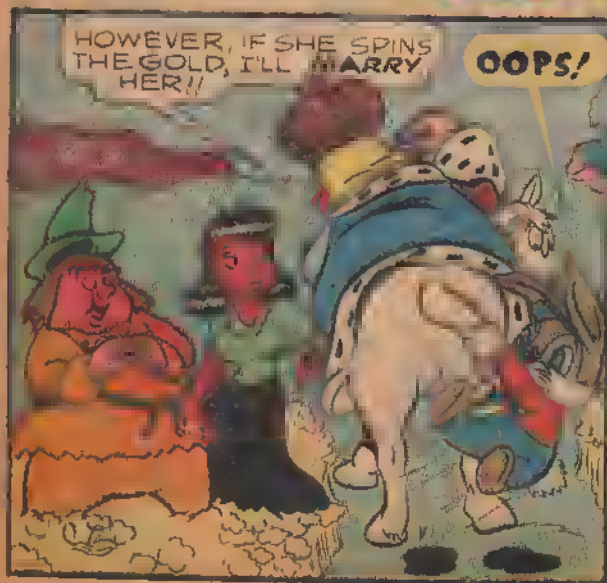
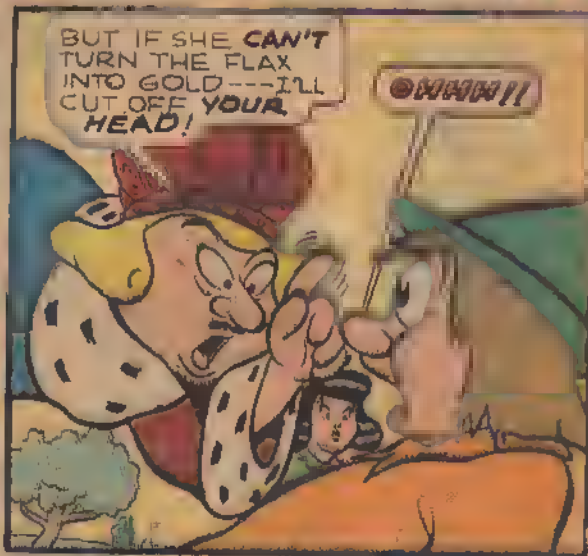
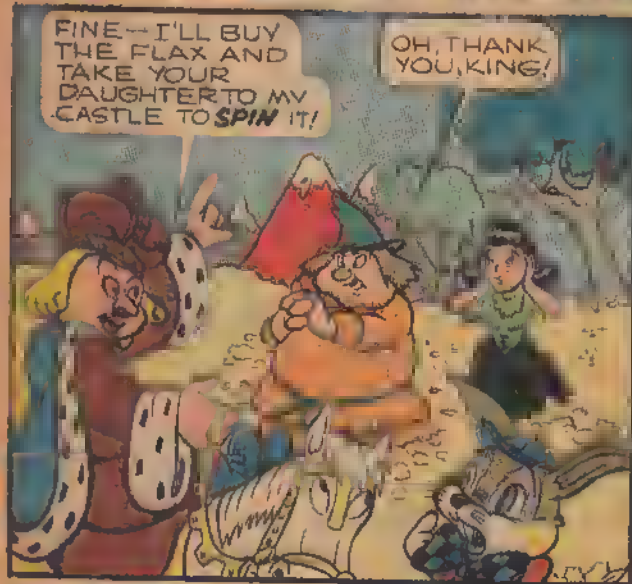
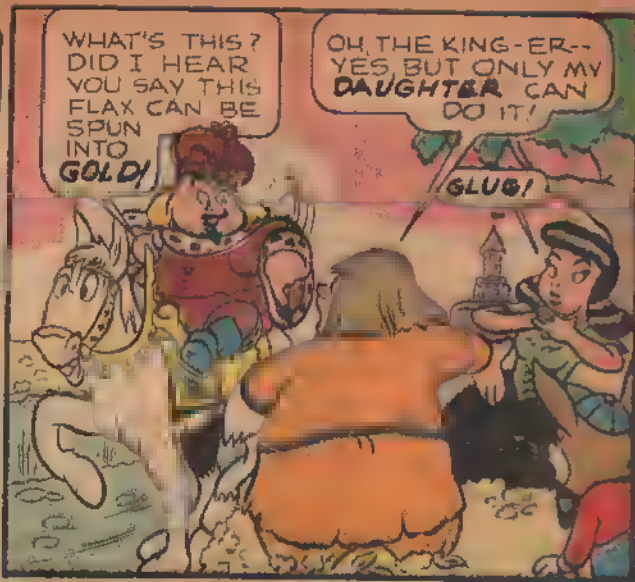
HELLO--WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? FLAX-O-GOLD?

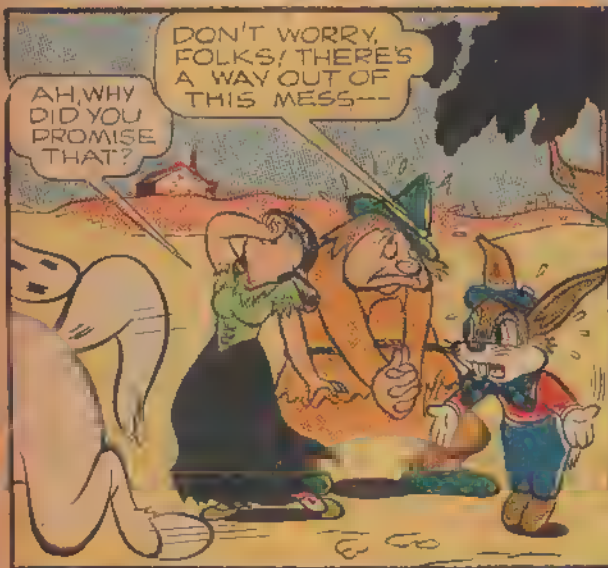
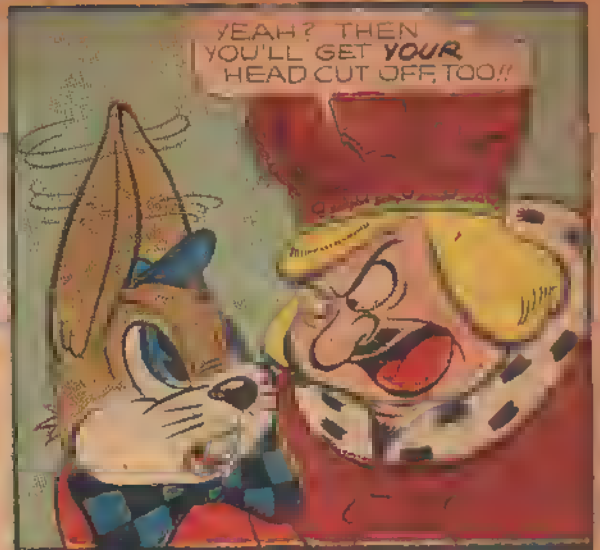
THIS FLAX CAN BE SPUN INTO GOLD!

OH, FATHER--













THIS WALKIE-TALKIE  
MAY BE WONDERFUL,  
BUT I DON'T HEAR  
A THING!

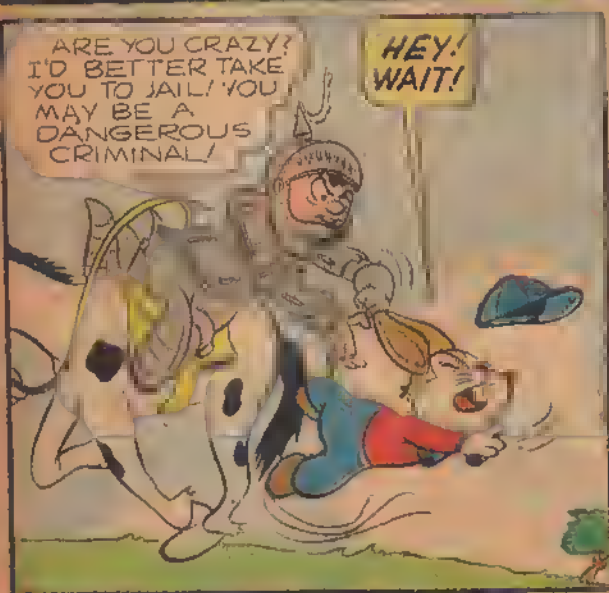


HEY, MISTER! DO YOU  
KNOW A LITTLE MAN  
THAT SPINS FLAX INTO  
GOLD?



ARE YOU CRAZY?  
I'D BETTER TAKE  
YOU TO JAIL! YOU  
MAY BE A  
DANGEROUS  
CRIMINAL!

HEY!  
WAIT!



NOW, WHAT'LL I DO?  
I'LL NEVER FIND OUT  
HIS NAME IN JAIL!  
WHY DID I GET INTO  
THIS??



NOBODY KNOWS  
WHO I AM--- I  
SPIN FLAX INTO---

HEY! SHUT  
OFF THAT  
NOISE! SHUT  
OFF---



BUT I LIKE  
THIS SONG!

I SPIN FLAX  
INTO A  
GOLDEN SKEIN--  
AND RUMPELSTILTSKIN  
IS MY NAME!

WELL!  
DON'T---HEY!  
WHAT  
WAS  
THAT  
LAST  
LINE?





THAT'S IT! HE'S  
**RUMPELSTILTSKIN!**

**WOW!**  
BUT  
HOW CAN  
I GET  
OUTTA HERE?

TRY MAGIC  
WORDS! MAYBE  
THEY'LL WORK  
FOR YOU, IF  
YOU'RE A  
GOOD BOY!

**HOCUS-POCUS-  
TILLYOCUS--  
BARS DISAPPEAR!**

**IT WORKS!** I'LL HAVE  
TO PATENT THAT  
LINE! NOW TO GET  
BACK TO THE  
CASTLE!

I KNOW YOUR  
NAME! I KNOW  
YOUR NAME!  
YOUR NAME IS  
**RUMPELSTILTSKIN!**  
NOW YOU HAVE  
TO VANISH IN A  
PUFF OF SMOKE!

**BAHHH!**

OH, DOPSY!  
THE FLAX  
HAS  
TURNED TO  
GOLD! YOU  
DID IT-- HOW  
WONDERFUL!

OH,  
IT  
WAS  
EASY!

HEY, YOU! I WAS SUPPOSED  
TO FIND OUT **RUMPELSTILTSKIN'S**  
NAME! YOU'VE RUINED THE  
STORY!

**OH-ON!**

GET OUTA  
HERE!

I SHOULD CARE! I  
STILL HAVE MY HEAD!  
--AND I LIKE THE  
STORY BETTER THIS  
WAY ANYHOW!

# ZANY Giraffe

ART

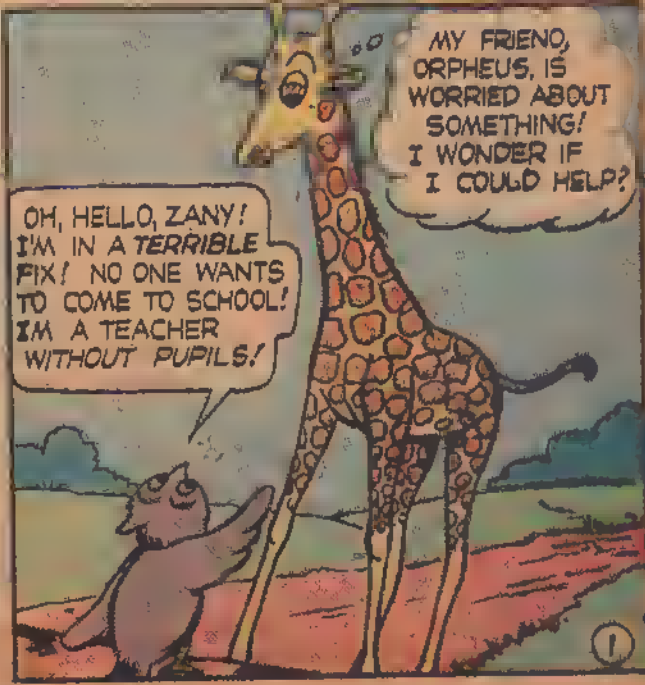
JIM ADAMS



**T**HE YOUNGER FOREST CROWD HAVE GONE ON STRIKE. THEY REFUSE TO GO TO SCHOOL. THEY MIGHT HAVE GROWN UP IGNORANT IF IT WERE NOT FOR THAT VOICELESS WONDER, THE STAUNCH FRIEND OF LEARNING:-- ZANY GIRAFFE!



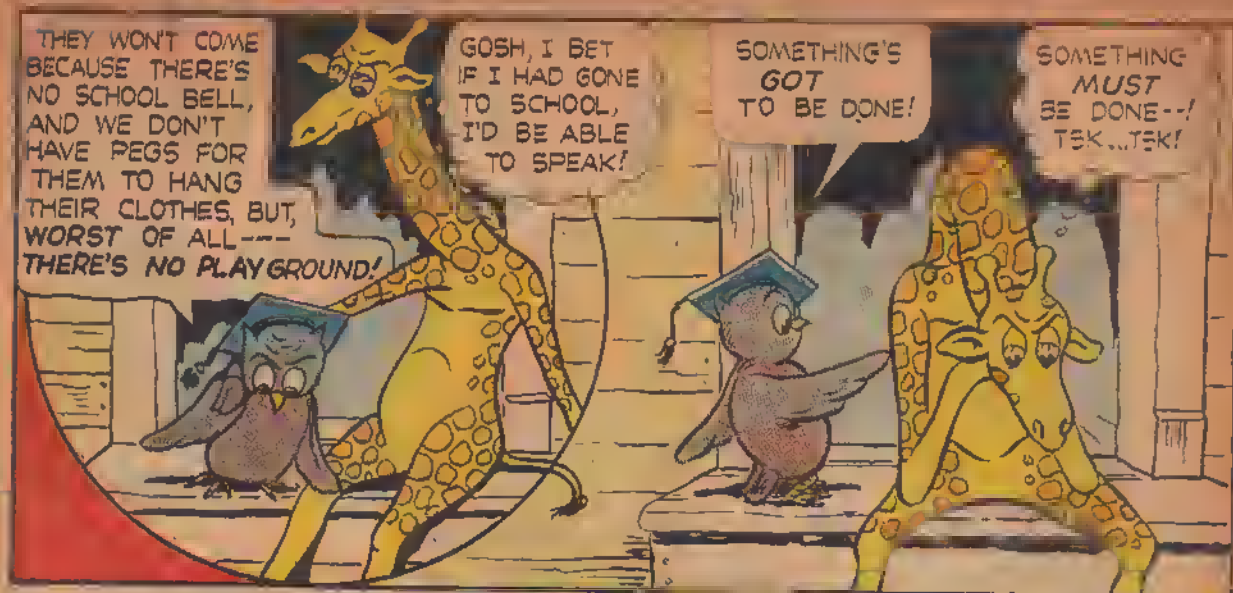
THIS IS THE WORST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED IN THE FOREST! WHAT CAN I DO TO MAKE THE CHILDREN RETURN TO SCHOOL?

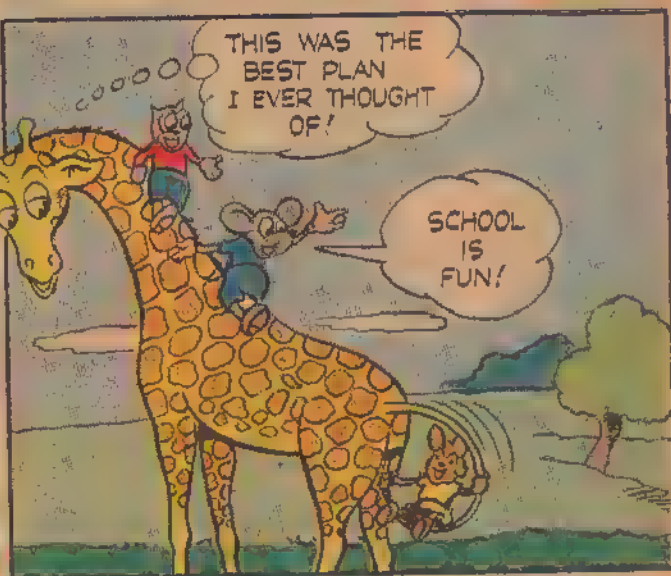
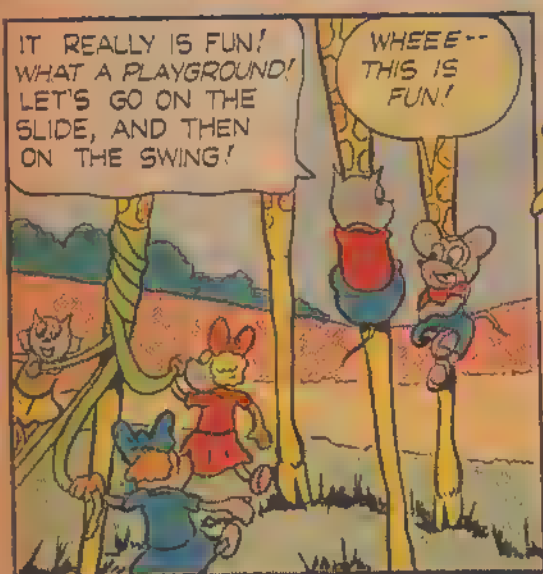


OH, HELLO, ZANY! I'M IN A TERRIBLE FIX! NO ONE WANTS TO COME TO SCHOOL! I'M A TEACHER WITHOUT PUPILS!

MY FRIEND, ORPHEUS, IS WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING! I WONDER IF I COULD HELP?









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